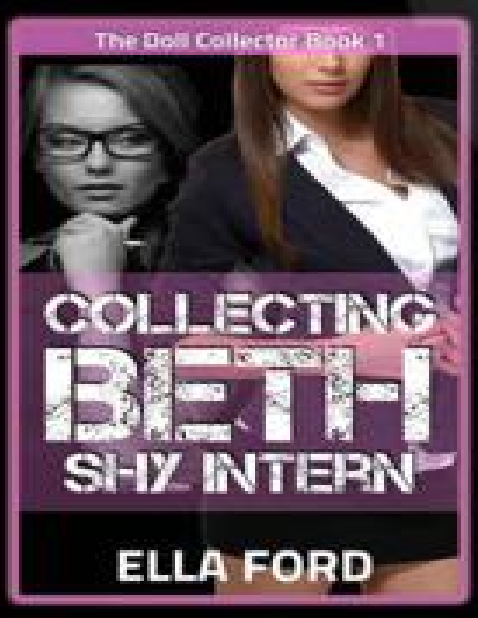
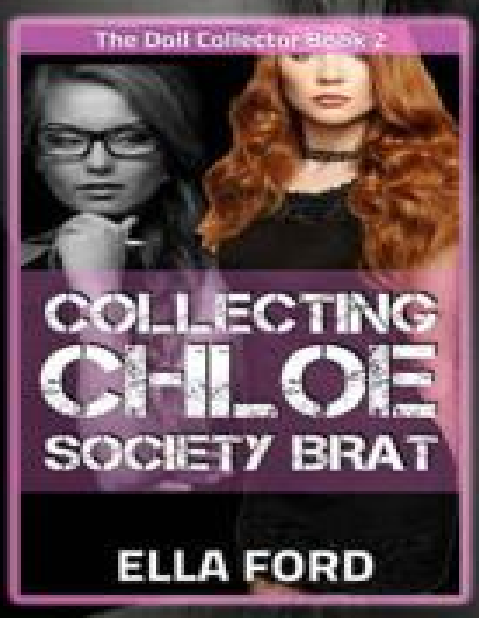
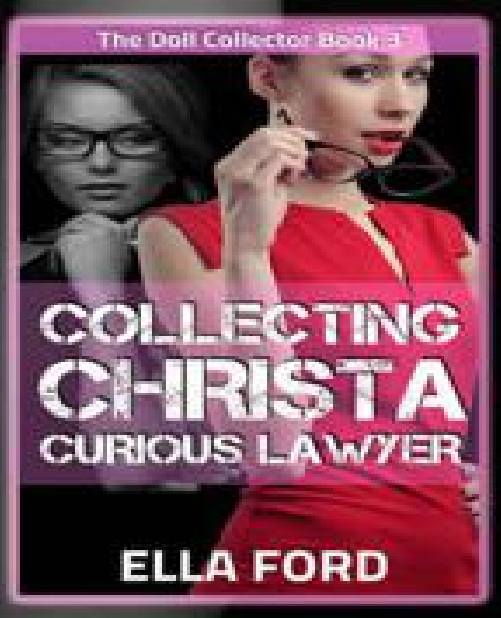
Some girls just want to be owned...

THE DOLL COLLECTOR







ELLA FORD

The Doll Collector

Collecting Beth, Shy Intern
Collecting Chloe, Society Brat
Collecting Christa, Curious Lawyer

by Ella Ford

OceanofPDF.com

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Collecting Beth, Shy Intern

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Chapter 1: The Viewing Room

Now

"Hi. Miss Ross? Miss Claudia Ross? My name is Elise Cole, I work at the Midtown Herald."

The pretty brunette peered at me through the open door, her large green eyes flicking between my face and the house beyond, straining to see inside. She looked younger up close, perhaps twenty two or twenty three. Petite and toned, with high cheekbones and full lips. She wore a smart pink business suit, with a tight pencil skirt that hugged her shapely waist and thighs. Her outfit was completed with tan pantyhose and matching pink pumps with an open toe. She had the appearance of an older woman, or at least a younger woman who wanted to project a professional image.

I held out my hand and smiled warmly. The girl took it and we shook. I noted her manicured fingers, polished to the exact shade of red that her lips were painted. Out of curiosity, I flicked my eyes downwards and glimpsed at her toenails through the thin gauze of her hose. They were painted the same shade. I smiled inwardly, relishing the girl's attention to detail.

Elise noted my subtle scrutiny and blinked in confusion. "Uh, you called our offices. About your collection?"

"Ah yes," I replied, extending my warm smile and stepping backwards out of the doorway. "Won't you come in?"

Elise Cole smiled back at me and seemed to relax. She nodded and stepped past me into the spacious hallway of my house. "I'm excited to see it," she said nervously, with no real conviction, "your collection, I mean. If it's half as extensive as you say, it'll make a wonderful piece in our Collectors Corner column. We don't get many doll enthusiasts around here. Mostly it's just stamps or coins, you know?" she added with a frown.

"I can imagine that could get quite boring for a talented girl like you," I replied, never once letting my smile falter. I wanted Elise to feel perfectly relaxed and at ease.

The girl flushed and cocked her head to the side. "I'm sorry Miss Ross, have we met?" she asked. "I get the impression that you know me, and you

asked for me by name when you called the office."

I touched a reassuring hand to her shoulder. "Not that I am aware of my dear. I am simply an avid collector who enjoys your column. Won't you step inside the living room? I can put some tea on if you wish?"

I gestured towards the open double doors on the right, guiding Elise away from the closed room on the left. Not yet.

"Thank you, but I'm a little pressed for time. Can we just get straight into the interview?" she said apologetically as we stepped across the room.

"Of course, how rude of me to keep you from your business. Let's take a seat and we can begin."

I waited for Elise to sit down on one of the ornate, antique seats in the living room. I had modest tastes, despite the ostentatious size of my house, but I had a special weakness for such pieces of furniture and allowed myself the indulgence once in awhile.

"You have a lovely house, Miss Ross," she said as she rummaged in her bag and retrieved an old fashioned looking notepad and pen.

"Thank you Elise. And please, call me Claudia," I replied, moving to sit on the sofa.

The girl looked up at me and smiled, absentmindedly crossing her legs over one another, her soft pantyhose causing an audible swish as her thighs rubbed together. "Okay, let's begin. How long have you been a collector?"

I paused and thought back to that night in Vegas, so long ago but still burning bright in my mind. "About three years."

She paused to scrawl something in her notepad. "And what made you begin collecting dolls?"

I narrowed my eyes in thought and leaned my head to one side. "I like to take care of things, to be responsible, you know?"

Elise's mouth curled upwards in a smile and a particular expression flicked over her face. I knew what she was thinking - aging widower, no kids, regretting her life's choices, turns to collecting to fill a void in her life. She nodded sympathetically. "What period are the dolls in your collection from?"

It was my turn to pause. "Modern, mostly modern," I replied with a wry style.

The reporter looked momentarily confused and I realized that my answer had been strangely cryptic.

I cleared my throat. It was time. “Elise, I think it’s time I showed you my collection, wouldn’t you agree? I can answer any question you have in the Viewing Room?”

Elise blinked. “Y-yes, of course.”

I stood up and straightened my dress, gesturing back into the hallway with a friendly smile. Elise nodded and followed my lead, the quizzical expression on her face suggesting that she suspected all was not quite as it seemed. She had no idea.

We reached the hallway and I brushed past the young girl, noting the delicate scent of her perfume and quick cadence of her breathing. She seemed nervous, intimidated by the imposing double doors of the closed room before us.

I paused before the doors and gripped the handles, then turned to her and offered her a reassuring smile. “I call this the Viewing Room. It is an indulgence of mine, a place to show off my collection to interested parties. I hope you enjoy it.”

With that, I swept open the double doors and moved aside to allow Elise through, never once allowing myself to lose sight of her face. I wanted to see her expression, to gauge her reaction and anticipate her actions. These first seconds were of vital importance for the coming hours.

Elise brushed past me into the darkened room, blinking to adjust her eyes to the light. As she stepped through the doorway, she gasped audibly and touched her pretty fingers lightly to her mouth. I watched her face as she blinked multiple times, her lips hanging open as she surveyed the room before her. But she didn’t say anything, made no reaction beyond her initial gasp. Behind the shock in her eyes, I sensed something deeper. The visceral realization of a professional journalist that a story is suddenly considerably bigger and massively different to what she first thought.

And who can blame her? I thought to myself as I gazed around the Viewing Room, satisfied that Elise’s initial reaction was exactly in line with my expectations.

The Viewing Room was large, the exact mirror of the living room on the other side of the hall. I’d pulled the drapes shut, blocking out the early evening sunshine and casting the space in an unnatural darkness that was punctuated only by the flickering light of many candles. It gave the room a warm, welcoming feel, but one that was opposed by the eerie dance of shadows on the walls. The space was empty of furniture, and lightly

decorated with several indulgent paintings and tapestries hanging on the wood-clad walls.

But the focus of the Viewing Room was my collection, and it was this that had shocked Elise into stunned silence. Around the room, spaced equidistantly, was a series of onyx plinths. Polished cylinders, approximately eighteen inches tall and eighteen inches in diameter. There were six such plinths, pushed back against the walls like pieces in a museum. On each plinth stood a young girl, perfectly still and posed exquisitely - my dolls.

Elise finally breathed out, her eyes flicking around the room, unable to settle on a single place for more than a second. “What the fuck…” she breathed rhetorically.

I reached behind me and pushed the double doors shut quietly, sealing us in the room. Elise gasped again as the doors clicked into place, but she made no move to leave. As I expected.

Instead, she continued to survey the six motionless girls. Each one was frozen in a different stance, each one dressed differently, but all perfectly motionless, their blank expressions those of mannequins rather than living humans.

To our left, a tall blonde with full breasts and long legs, wearing only black stockings and strappy, heels, her hands placed defiantly on her hips and her chin held upwards. An avatar of sexual empowerment, she projected lust to all who gazed upon her.

Beside the blonde was a petite brunette, similar in stature to Elise - lithe and short, with a pretty, soft face that looked younger than her years. Her tresses of dark curls tumbled over her naked shoulders to rest on her pert, small breasts. This one was posed as the embodiment of innocence. Draped in delicate white lingerie with flat shoes. Her face was angled downwards, her eyes large and pleading. While the blonde to her left exuded control and dominance, the brunette screamed submission and docility.

Around the room, Elise’s gaze wandered, lingering on each girl in turn, taking in every feminine detail. A pretty redhead, totally naked, her arms crossed behind her back, head bowed and eyes closed - the perfect slave. Opposite her, another blonde, wearing a scant bikini that barely covered her ponderous breasts. Her face was beaming, her hands held out before her in an expression of friendly welcome. Across the room, an Asian girl, dressed

as a maid, albeit a highly sexualized stereotype of a maid. She held a feather duster before her, her body bent at the waist, thrusting her shapely rear behind her and revealing the lace tops of her stockings beneath the exaggerated frill of her too-short uniform.

Finally, posed in the center of the row of plinths to our right, was Beth. Sweet, innocent Beth. Beth stood motionless with her hands to her side, her eyes gazing forwards with the blank expression that she knew I loved. She wore white stockings, with plain, white high-heeled pumps and an elaborate garter belt. Her feet were placed apart slightly, revealing the space between her legs. Her pussy was shaved bald, as it always was, an immaculate expanse of smooth flesh, interrupted only by the neat line of her labia that disappeared between her thighs. I felt my heartbeat quicken and a familiar heat rise between my own legs. I loved each of my collection dearly, but I felt a special fondness for Beth. She was my first, she showed me what I was and what I wanted. When she gave herself to me, she opened up my world and made all that I have possible.

I looked away from Beth back to Elise. The reporter remained as stationary as my dolls, gazing at the Viewing Room with dumbstruck fascination and … something else, perhaps?

Satisfied that the interview was going exactly as planned, I allowed my mind to wander. Back to that first night, that hot night in Vegas and the crowded bar...

Before

I don’t know why I went to Vegas that weekend. I guess it’s just what people in my position do.

I was thirty and alone. For the first time in my adult life, I was alone. My husband, Jeremy, had recently died, the victim of a congenital heart defect that had somehow gone undetected despite the very best medical care that Jeremy’s fortune had provided. One day, mid-backhand, his weekly tennis game and his life had been cut tragically short when his heart simply stopped beating. His vacated body had crumpled to the floor as his horrified opponent had watched. I’m told he won the point, so it wasn’t all terrible.

I suppose you think I’m going to paint a picture of me as the distraught widow, cast adrift into life without her beloved soulmate? I wish that were

the case. Jeremy was an ass. A dishonest, lying, abusive ass who made my short life a misery from the very moment we tied the knot at the tender age of nineteen. He'd been my first, a classic high-school sweetheart. And, as I slipped reluctantly from my twenties to my thirties, he'd been my only.

But I wasn't Jeremy's only. No, not by a long shot. Jeremy liked to fuck, and did so with an almost callous disregard for the consequences. I knew about his mistress in Portland, the hookers on his long weekends at conferences. I knew about the girls in the bars, and that fling he'd had with his best friend's underage niece - a sordid encounter that would have landed him in jail, had he not been able to buy his way out of it.

And then there was me. Claudia Ross née Duval. Class president, homecoming queen, head cheerleader, and born on the wrong side of the tracks. My marriage to Jeremy was a fairytale that became a nightmare, a decade of denying and wishing, of being paraded around like a prized possession, a doll to be dressed and posed and presented to friends as the perfect Stepford wife. And all the while I suffered the cheating, the lying, the humiliation.

Then Jeremy died, and I didn't mourn. Oh, don't get me wrong, in public I donned the black garb of the inconsolable and I forced bitter tears to spill from my eyes as they lowered his diseased carcass into the Earth. It wasn't Jeremy I cried for though. It was my life, my youth, my best years, squandered on a sham marriage.

But behind closed doors, I allowed myself to feel something I hadn't felt in a decade - hope. Possibility. Potential.

I was fantastically rich, beyond my wildest dreams. Jeremy was morally reprehensible, but he was financially fastidious. His sizable insurance payout ensured that I would never have to work a day in my life. I had a huge house, investments, cars, artworks. And I allowed myself to become immersed in that opulence. Spending wildly, never making more than the slightest dent in the fortune that I possessed.

But that extravagance didn't last, and I found myself yearning for something. Something that I couldn't identify, something that was not yet a fully formed urge in my mind.

What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, I thought as I studied the crowded hotel bar in which I found myself. I wasn't sure what brought me to Vegas, but I certainly knew why I'd come to the bar that night. Why I'd poured myself into the slinkiest, figure hugging mini-dress that I owned. Why I'd chosen heels that were an inch too high and a degree too sexy. Why I'd lifted my honey blonde hair off my slender neck, revealing my bare shoulders and the creamy expanse of my cleavage.

I glanced across the bar and caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror opposite me. A painted whore, indistinguishable from the countless identical women around me. Dressed in the uniform of our mutual intent, an invitation to fuck and be fucked.

My eyes flicked across the mirror and surveyed the room behind me. My attire was attracting the attention of the hotel guests - mostly middle-aged businessmen, conference goers who would try their hand at the roulette wheel of the bar patrons before cutting their losses and dialing one of the numbers from the gaudy leaflets that saturated this sleazy city with promises of companionship.

I shuddered at the sight of them leering at me. Fat, balding, unshaven, with ill-fitting suits and ties that were one iteration behind the curve. I saw Jeremy in each and every one of them, a future that would not come to pass, a destiny unfulfilled. My eyes fell away from the mirror down to my drink before me. It was gaudy and extravagant, like everything in Vegas.

What am I doing? I thought to myself, *this isn't me.*

From across the bar, there was a sudden burst of noise. A loud whooping and hollering, the ritual cries of camaraderie of men together. I glanced around and located the commotion. A table of perhaps eight people - six men and two women. They were drinking heavily, with glasses held aloft and voices raised. The men were dressed in the identical trappings of business, though their smartness was diminished by the progress of the alcohol, causing their shirts to crumple and their ties to loosen. The two women were crisply dressed and masculine, aping their male cohorts with their mannerisms and behaviour, crying out with voices that wanted to belong, to be accepted as one of the boys. They were clearly colleagues, celebrating some fleeting conference victory - a deal done or contract signed. Or perhaps they were simply relishing the freedom of the Vegas fantasy, a momentary escape from the mundanity of their lives.

One of the men in the party slumped back in his chair and collapsed against the sofa behind him. As he did so, he revealed a hidden member of their group. A ninth person whom I had not noticed previously.

Another woman, this one seemed small and timid compared to her brash sisters. Shrinking back into the corner of the table, gazing down at her drink with a stricken look on her face. She was petite and attractive, in an understated way. Her skin was pale and delicate, her face framed by an elfin bob, the darkness of her hair offsetting her light skin with an intriguing contrast. She seemed out of place and nervous, an intern perhaps? Dragged along to this strange world that she was not yet ready for.

I felt myself strangely drawn to the girl, unable to take my eyes from her.

Suddenly, she glanced up, her eyes looking in my direction, as though she could feel my scrutiny. I realized that I was staring at her, and quickly averted my gaze back to my drink and the bar before me. After several minutes, I glanced around again and the girl was still looking in my direction, a look of distant concentration on her face. “Rescue me,” her expression seemed to say.

I flashed her a smile, and she smiled back delicately, then looked away, flushing with embarrassment. I turned back to my drink, lost in thought.

At once, I knew what I wanted, why I’d come to the bar that night. Why I’d come to Vegas. The thought rose in my mind, unbidden and unexpected, but it found immediate traction, settling into my psyche with no resistance or surprise.

I reached forwards and took a napkin from the stack on the bar, then picked up a pen from the Kino station and began writing.

I’m in room 714. Meet me there in fifteen minutes.

I gazed at the note before me, turned it over in my hands and suppressed a fleeting urge to rip it up and forget the whole crazy idea. Instead, I folded it once and signaled the bartender.

“Yes ma’am,” asked the elderly gentleman in the crisp hotel uniform.

“Do you see the girl over there on that table? The slight brunette who looks as though she wishes she were somewhere else?”

The bartender followed my gesture and nodded, smiling. “Looks like she ain’t enjoying herself,” he grinned.

“I’d like you to take her a drink, put it on my tab. And pass her this note while you’re at it,” I said, scarcely able to believe what I was doing.

The bartender smirked knowingly at me, his eyes flicking over my painted face and ample cleavage. But he made no comment. This was obviously not his first rodeo. “Yes ma’am. Room 714 wasn’t it?”

I smiled warmly. “Yes, and here’s something for you.” I reached into my purse and slid a crisp twenty across the bar.

The bartender flicked his forehead. “Much obliged ma’am,” he nodded and turned to pour the drink. A gin and tonic, to match the one that sat untouched before the girl.

I waited a minute, and took a final sip of my own drink as the bartender delivered the drink, then turned to leave. As I was stepping across the bar, I glimpsed at the girl. She was staring down at the unfolded note in her hands, a look of wide-eyed surprise on her face. As I passed, she looked up in my direction and I flashed her a confident smile. Her expression of surprise evaporated in an instant and was replaced by something else: acceptance.

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Chapter 2: Acceptance

Now

The silence in the Viewing Room hung heavily between us and I waited patiently for Elise to react. When she finally broke free of the awestruck stupor that she had fallen into, she turned to me and narrowed her eyes.

“What the hell is happening here lady? Who are these girls?” she asked, a look of horrified revulsion sweeping across her face.

I reached out a hand and touched her shoulder, intending to reassure her but instead causing her to recoil from me and back slowly into the room.

“Are they drugged? Some kind of brainwashing?” she said accusingly as walked backwards away from me. Her gaze fell to her right and settled on the tall blonde, Christa.

I attempted to smile warmly, but inside I was feeling a little nervous that bringing Elise here would backfire on me. “Elise, I want you to calm down and take a hold of yourself,” I said with as much command and confidence as I could muster.

To my surprise, Elise stopped backing away from me. Her gaze returned to mine. “Wh-what do you want from me?”

I felt myself relax. The change in Elise was palpable, an instant reaction to my commanding tone. I began to entertain the notion that my assessment of this girl was correct.

“You know why you’re here Elise. I want you to see my collection,” I replied.

Elise didn’t seem to hear me. Instead, she turned to face the virginal brunette to her right, the girl who I knew only as Sarah. She took two tentative steps forwards and stopped beside the motionless girl, then she turned her eyes to me and an unspoken question flashed between us. Anticipating her intent, I nodded.

Elise turned back to Sarah and studied her, then reached out her trembling hand and lightly brushed her fingertips over Sarah’s pale thigh. I heard the audible sound of a sigh as Elise quickly pulled back her hand in

shock, perhaps expecting the lifeless plastic of a mannequin rather than the soft flesh of a living person.

“To answer your question,” I said, stepping over to stand beside Elise, “they are neither drugged nor brainwashed.” I paused, caressing Sarah’s soft thigh in the same place that Elise had touched her. I glanced up at Sarah’s pretty face, studying her for signs of a reaction, but she remained completely blank, seemingly oblivious to my presence and my touch. Good girl. “They are simply trained to do my bidding.”

Elise lifted her hand above her head and waved her fingers about in front of Sarah’s face, attempting to elicit a reaction. Then she stepped back and hurried across the room to stand before Beth. Once again, she reached out and traced her fingertips over Beth’s thigh, touching the smooth material of the frozen girl’s white stockings, lingering on the elaborate lace top.

“C-can they hear us? Do they know we’re here?” she asked, her voice little more than a whisper, as though afraid to disturb the motionless girls.

“Yes Elise, the girls can hear us,” I said with a hint of amusement in my voice. “Can’t you girls?” I added, speaking loudly to the wider room.

Suddenly, the frozen girls came to life and they responded as one. “Yes mistress!” came the reply, then each girl instantly returned to her previous pose.

Elise stepped back in shock, her breathing suddenly quick and urgent. “This is too weird,” she whispered, to herself as much as anyone else. “Who are these girls?” she asked, turning to face me.

“They’re my collection.”

“Are they employees? Do they work for you? Are they slaves?” she asked, a note of urgency spreading through her voice. I realized that I had to get on top of Elise’s rising panic, but perhaps it was simply easier to rip the bandaid off quickly?

“They’re mine. They belong to me. I told you I collected dolls, and I wasn’t attempting to mislead you. Each of these girls belongs to me in the same way that a doll would belong to me.”

“But that’s… you can’t…” Elise stammered, her eyes flicking around the room as she struggled to confront the strange reality that she now found herself in.

“Can’t what?” I asked, leaning my head to one side and keeping my voice low and calm.

“You can’t just *own* someone. Have you kidnapped them?” she demanded. “Are you kidnapping *me*?” she added, her voice becoming shrill and high. It was time to calm her down.

“Elise!” I snapped and her head flicked around to face me, her mouth hanging open. “None of these girls are here against their will, they are all here because they want to be. I own them because they want to be owned.”

Elise shook her head, but the fight was going out of her. “But you can’t… why would…”

I raised my hand and she fell silent. Then I turned to face my collection. “Girls. You are free to leave. I relinquish my hold over you, there will be no recrimination or attempt to retrieve you. You simply need to walk through those doors and collect your belongings. I wish you well.”

I turn back to Elise to study her reaction. Around me, none of the girls moved. The room fell into a perfect, eerie silence. The six doll-like women remained statue-still, gazing off into the distance. After a minute, I spoke again. “Do you see Elise?”

Elise blinked twice and looked around. “I…” she started, but didn’t finish her thought. She appeared deep in concentration.

I stepped towards her and lightly gripped her upper arm, noting the slight tremble that ran through her body. “Come, let’s return to the living room. I wish to continue your tour. I think you’ll enjoy the next part,” I said, offering a reassuring smile.

Elise nodded numbly and turned to the doors. As we walked across the room, I snapped my fingers. Behind us, Christa and Beth stirred into life and stepped down from their plinths, hurrying across the room behind us, their stiletto heels clicking on the hardwood floor of the viewing room. The remaining four girls continued their frozen vigils.

Before

I wasn’t always so confident and self-assured. On that night in Vegas, so long ago, I began to suffer an attack of self doubt the moment my hotel room door closed behind me. My behavior had been out of character and unusually rash. I was normally so calm and measured. Inviting the girl back to my room was a glorious whim, but it now seemed insanely distant and impossibly risky. I didn’t know anything about the girl, other than that she’d

seemed lost and vulnerable among her brash colleagues. For some reason that I didn't yet understand, that appealed to me more than anything else.

Had I really invited her back to my room? The note read more like an order than an invitation. What if she didn't come? What happens if the girl reported me to hotel security? What happens if she told her colleagues? *Oh God, what had I done?*

I sat on the edge of the bed in the spacious hotel suite and stared at the floor. I felt light headed and panicked. My initial fears centered around the girl ignoring my advance, or shaming me somehow. But as the creeping advance of my dread percolated through my mind, I began to entertain a new concern, one that troubled me far more than those that had preceded it. What happens if she *did* come to my room?

I sighed and leaned forward, hanging my head between my legs in an attempt to dismiss the dizzying panic in my brain.

I'd never been with a woman! I'd never had any thoughts like that before! I'd only ever been with Jeremy, and was never what anyone would call a sexual person. And now, here I was, inviting random girls back to my room.

I sat back on the bed and gazed up at the ceiling, attempting to catch my breath. Oh, I knew what women did together. I'd found Jeremy's stash of pornography - hidden in a shoebox deep in his closest, an amateurish attempt at concealment at best. I'd tentatively loaded the DVDs and thumbed through the glossy magazines. I'd dismissed what I'd seen then as another Jeremy-thing, something gross and not surprising. But as I thought back to the exaggerated moans and dueling tongues, I wondered if I could ever do those things?

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. A light tap, two times. I sat up straight and looked at the bedside clock. It had only been ten minutes since I left the bar, maybe it wasn't her? I remained perfectly still and entertained the notion of ignoring it and hoping the whole thing would go away. I'd get a flight home tomorrow and get back to my life of spending and extravagance.

That line of thinking dissipated in an instant when three more taps on the door interrupted the silence of the room. I sighed and stood up, feeling out of control of my body as I walked across the suite to the entrance.

As I approached the door, I leaned forwards to peer through the spyhole. I gasped when I saw the girl outside. She appeared agitated,

glancing up and down the hall and blinking rapidly. I sensed that she was on the verge of turning and fleeing down the corridor as quickly as she possibly could. In that instant, I realized that no matter how nervous and apprehensive I felt, the girl was doubly so. To my surprise, this realization calmed me some. And something else… I felt a surge of power and control, a strange, out-of-place urge that emanated from my core and spread out into my whole body with tendrils of warmth.

Before I knew it, I was reaching down and turning the handle. The latch clicked open and I pulled the door towards me.

The girl on the other side looked as surprised as I felt. She gasped and looked down at my shoes. “I-I got your note… I… Is this some kind of j-joke?” Her voice was quiet and soft, with a trace of a southern accent in it. I wondered briefly where she was from, before realizing that I didn’t really care.

I leaned my head to one side and studied her, attempting to calm my own nerves and resolving to enjoy this strange situation I found myself in. “No, it’s not a joke. Please come in,” I said and stepped to one side, allowing the girl to brush past me. As she entered, I caught her scent - light perfume with hints of soap, a smell that was fresh and virginal. I felt a wild rush spread through my body, a glowing warmth that ignited in my loins, seeming at the same time familiar and novel.

The girl stepped nervously into the room, clutching her purse before her as if to ward off any threat. She was wearing a simple white blouse and black pencil skirt, with tan pantyhose and low heeled black pumps. She looked smart but ordinary.

I walked behind her as she gazed around the large suite. “It’s bigger than my room Miss…”

“My name is Claudia Ross,” I finished for her. “You can call me Miss Ross,” I added on a whim.

“Yes, M-Miss Ross,” replied the girl.

I stepped around her and walked confidently over to the cabinet at the side of the room. In my heels I towered over the young girl, creating a natural power dynamic between us that felt *right* to me. “Would you like a drink?” I offered, then added, “I didn’t catch your name?”

The girl turned to follow me, lowering her purse and dropping it on the chaise lounge. “N-no, thank you, I’m okay. M-my name is Elizabeth…”

I turned to face her and leaned backwards against the cabinet, my eyes running up and down the girl who stood before me. I was struck by my boldness, the way I'd instantly fallen into this role, the way I'd commanded the situation and established our collective parts in this sordid play. I found myself enjoying how this made me feel, the feeling of control and dominance, the sight of Elizabeth's nervous capitulation.

"I'm going to call you Beth. Do you mind?"

"No, M-Miss Ross," replied the girl, staring at the floor. She lifted her head and looked at me pleadingly. "I-I've never done anything like this before," she offered, apologetically.

"What do you mean?" I asked, pouring myself a scotch and sipping on the burning liquor as I studied her.

"This…" she gestured around the room. "I don't normally… I've never been…"

"With a woman?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"N-no," she breathed and returned her gaze to my shoes.

"Why did you come here Beth?"

She looked up at me and a puzzled expression crossed her face. "Because… because you told me to. The note… Oh God, did I get it wrong? I can leave… I just…" she flailed around and I feared that she might turn and flee.

"Do you normally do things that people ask you to do in bars Beth?" I asked with a wry smile. "Take off your blouse," I added nonchalantly.

Beth's hands lifted instantly to her blouse and began to unfasten the buttons with trembling fingers. She looked surprised, and I wondered if she was shocked by her own capitulation or by the question. "I don't… It's never happened before," she said. Her fingers reached the final button and she looked at me, as if seeking approval. I nodded lightly, taking a sip from my drink. Beth slowly teased the white blouse off her shoulders. It fell down her arms and behind her back to the floor. She sighed and lifted her arms to cover her body.

Her bra was white and pristine and looked new, it covered her small breasts with a delicate innocence. I could see her chest rise and fall with each quick breath.

"What made you come here then? You could have ignored the note, carried on with your colleagues, gone back to your room. Why did you come?" I asked with genuine curiosity. "Take off your skirt," I added.

Beth looked around, clearly feeling uncomfortable, but driven by an urge that she didn't fully understand. Her hands fell to her side and she unfastened the button holding her skirt up, then slid the zipper down slowly. She began to wriggle the tight garment down her hips and it eventually collapsed down her nylon covered legs and gathered around her ankles. She made no attempt to kick it away. Her arms raised instinctively to cover her breasts and her pussy.

"Put your hands behind your back, I want to see you. And answer my question, please," I snapped.

Beth jumped and moved her hands behind her back, then stood before me, her face lowered. "I came here because I… I wanted to."

"Did you come here to fuck?"

"No… yes… I… I don't know. All I know is that you wanted me to come, and I came. I didn't really think."

I felt a flush of warmth erupt in my pussy. I'd never experienced anything like this before in my life. This submission, this capitulation, this total acceptance of my authority. My mind felt alive for the first time in years and raced with the nascent urges that would mould my being for years to come. I was operating on instinct now.

"Take off your bra," I asked with a casual nod.

Beth shifted as her hands fiddled with the clasp, then the bra fell down her arms and joined her other clothes on the floor. I studied her and caught a moment of doubt in her eyes as she instinctively moved to cover her naked breasts. But my will exerted itself in her mind once more and she meekly crossed her hands behind her back, revealing herself to me.

Her breasts were pale and small, with pink nipples that were gathered in a taut bud of arousal. Her skin was soft and firm, virtually unblemished in the fading flush of her youth.

"How old are you Beth?"

She looked up at me, suddenly seeming very vulnerable. I felt a thrill ripple through my body.

"I'm nineteen Miss Ross."

I gently set my drink down beside me on the cabinet and studied the girl for a second. Then I stood and walked over to her, relishing every step. She looked so deliciously corruptible, standing there in only her pantyhose and low heels, a pair of white cotton panties covering her young pussy. I stopped inches away from her and touched my fingertips to her chin, lightly

forcing her head upwards until she looked at me. I could feel her breasts brushing against mine, her hard nipples provoking my own through the thin material of my dress.

I leaned down and closed my eyes, feeling the girl sigh in my grip. Our lips brushed together, a soft touch with the lightest contact that nevertheless sent electric sparks of energy rippling between us. The pair of us gasped in tandem, then our mouths fell together with an urgency that surprised me. Beth allowed herself to be guided by me, cowed by my height and the dynamic between us. Her hands remained fixed behind her back and she leaned backwards into my arm. With my free hand, I reached down and grabbed her breast, kneading it roughly, relishing the warm nub of her nipple rubbing against my palm.

Our lips slid together, smearing my red lipgloss against her delicate mouth. I felt myself become animated by a powerful instinct, the need to touch, to taste, to possess. My tongue darted out of my mouth and into hers, meeting her tongue and lapping at it. She didn't attempt to resist my advances, she surrendered to my invasion and meekly rolled against me, driven by similar passions as those that ignited a fire inside my pussy.

My mind raced with this incredible new sensation, an overload of input that was novel and different. So alien and exotic, softer than Jeremy's clumsy slobbering, yielding and meek. I felt the thrill of arousal rush around my body, igniting my inner warmth.

I pulled back briefly, resting my forehead against hers, panting heavily and savoring the feeling of her hot breath on my face. I shifted my position to move my supporting hand up her neck and into her hair, then I griped tightly and pulled her head back away from me. She gasped and I felt her body go rigid, a moment of panic, serving to heighten her arousal, and mine.

With my other hand, I grabbed her upper arm and she squealed, but made no attempt to break free. With a single motion, I spun her around to face away from me and marched her over to the bed, keeping hold of her arm and her hair. Then I pushed her roughly forwards. Her lower legs struck the bed and she collapsed onto the mattress, instantly spinning around to face me and gathering her legs up defensively. A flash of fear swept across her face, and her hands dug into the comforter, gripping it tightly.

"I want to taste your pussy," I said with a smile, climbing up onto the bed beside her. With trembling hands, I reached out and took hold of her

right ankle, then slowly slipped her heel off her foot. I sensed her relax slightly, and her toes wiggled in my grip, stretching the thin gauze of the pantyhose. I noted that her toenails were not painted, and she was free of any ugly tattoos that girls seemed to like these days. Shifting my position, I removed her other shoe and cast it aside, then pulled her legs apart and positioned myself between them.

She studied me as I worked, watching every move, never once relaxing the rictus grip she had on the bedding. She seemed captivated by me, like a deer in headlights, resigned to her fate and her utter surrender. This thrilled me.

With both hands, I lifted her legs and rested her feet on my right shoulder, then slid my fingers beneath the waistband of her pantyhose. Slowly, teasingly, I pulled the nylon hosiery up her legs, taking her panties along for the ride, and eventually slipped the bundle of material off her feet.

Completely naked now, Beth pulled away from me and curled up into a foetal position, drawing her knees back to her chest and wrapping her slender arms around them. She looked terrified and aroused in equal measure, unable to process the new sensations that were flooding through her body.

I sat back and fixed her with a stern look. “Help me out of my dress Beth,” I commanded and turned around on the bed so that my back was to her.

I looked back over my shoulder as she uncurled from her defensive ball and raised up to her knees. Having a task to do seemed to distract her from her nakedness, and she seemed less nervous. I felt her kneel behind me, the hot warmth of her breath on my exposed neck, the trembling touch of her fingers as she pulled the zipper on my dress.

I lifted myself up on my knees and held my hands above my head, then Beth reached down and slid her fingers beneath the hem of the dress and slowly pulled it up over my body. She placed it down on the bed beside us and waited for further instruction.

“Take off my bra,” I said, by now utterly comfortable with commanding her to do my bidding. Her fumbling fingers struggled with the fiddly clasp for an eternity of seconds, then finally the bra slipped forwards over my arms and fell to the bed. I breathed a relieved sigh as my tender breasts and aching nipples felt freedom, then I turned around on the bed to face Beth, and lowered myself back on my elbows.

“Take off my panties,” I said, and Beth obediently moved her hands to my hips. “With your mouth,” I added with a sultry purr, nibbling lightly on my fingertip.

Beth paused for a second, then shifted her body until she was positioned between my legs. I parted my knees for her, not stopping for a single second to think how strange this was, how different and exotic it felt to be naked with another women, to want her tongue on my body, to taste her with my own. The young girl then bowed her head until her mouth was inches above my dripping pussy. With a surprising dexterity, she took the waistband of my black lace panties in her teeth and began to pull the flimsy lingerie towards herself. I gasped as her soft hair brushed against my thigh, as I felt her hands grip my calves, her warm breath on my inflamed sex. I lifted my ass off the bed, allowing her to slide the panties over my legs and feet. Then she sat back on her heels, kneeling before me with my panties hanging from her mouth. She looked at me, awaiting further instruction and I felt a blossoming wave of arousal spreading through my body.

She was mine to control, for this night only, she would do anything I said, no matter how degrading or humiliating. How could I ever go back to my life, knowing that such feelings and urges existed? My racing mind explored one hundred avenues at once, endless possibilities and potentials… but one thought overtook all the others, an urge more primeval, instinctual and urgent.

“Do you want to eat my pussy Beth?” I breathed.

She nodded, the panties still gripped between her lips, and I believed her wholeheartedly. I slid back on the bed and spread my legs wide, revealing my wet pussy to the young girl. She gazed down at it and the panties fell from her mouth. A look of greedy hunger spread over her face and a flush of angry red caused her neck and chest to glow like a hot ember. I reached down with my right hand and pulled my fingertips through my labia, spreading apart the pink folds and smearing the wetness over my aching clit, urging her forwards.

She needed little encouragement, and dropped down quickly, coiling her arms around my thighs and locking herself in position. She paused briefly and inhaled sharply. I moaned and shifted my hand to grip her head, pleading with her to begin.

Then, with a confidence that belied her lack of experience, she plunged her eager tongue between my pink lips and lapped at me urgently. That first

touch was electric, sending jolts of energy through my body. I tightened my hold of her head and pulled her into me, desperate for more, desperate to feel her wet tongue on my aching sex. She capitulated wholeheartedly, diving hungrily into my deepest depths, licking here, lapping there, pulling my drenched flesh into her mouth and sucking at my hard clit like a seasoned professional. I briefly wondered if she was lying to me about never being with another woman, but the thought disappeared in an instant as she pushed down on my clitoris with the flat of her tongue, squashing that node of pleasure against my pelvic bone and sending waves of crippling ecstasy throughout my body.

Suddenly, I was overcome with a powerful need to share in her exploration, I had to taste her as she tasted me. I pulled back from her and she squealed in frustration, pouncing forwards to grab me again. I swung my legs over her and grabbed her shoulders, wrestling her down to the bed with breathless enthusiasm. I landed on her, pinning her beneath me with my body. Our breasts met, skin sticky with perspiration sliding together in a hot clinch. Then I moved again, rotating my body while keeping her pinned, until my head was between her legs and hers between mine. She yelped in joy as her quarry was available to her once more, and she gripped my thighs once more to prevent further escape. Then she lifted her head to my pussy and attacked me with renewed vigor, sucking at my labia with an unequaled hunger.

I screamed out and arched my back upwards, longing to release the tension that was building inside. I struggled to regain control, trying to remember why I'd repositioned myself in the first place when this horny girl was so eager to please me. Then I caught a glimpse of Beth's young pussy and I remembered my intent. Without hesitation, without a single thought of how strange it was, I dropped my head and coiled my arms around her thighs in a mirror of Beth's own grip. With a single sweep, I ran my tongue through the moist folds of her labia. The taste was exquisite! Like nothing I'd ever tasted before - the distillation of desire, a taboo sensation that sent me into a wild frenzy the likes of which Jeremy had never managed to provoke.

I tightened my grip and pulled her closer, plunging deeper into her, relishing every new taste, every vital flavor. I found her tight hole and drilled into it with the tip of my tongue, then pulled back and plunged two fingers into her. She screamed out beneath me, her entire body becoming

rigid as I entered her. I continued to thrust my fingers in and out, stretching her with a third digit, massaging her clit with my thumb as I worked. She screamed and writhed and moaned, then began to return the favor. I felt her enter me with her own hand, meeting no resistance from my dripping hole. My pussy felt stretched and I longed for her to fill me more, endlessly.

For an eternity, we remained locked together like this. Hands, fingers, mouths, tongues, all moving in perfect harmony, our bodies forming a optimal feedback loop of sexual energy. Urges amplified and reflected, pleasure only growing.

Until finally, the mounting feelings could be contained no longer. As one, we released ourselves into orgasm. I felt Beth explode beneath me at the precise second that my own pussy erupted. In an instant, my mind went blank, erased in a flash of white energy as every nerve ending was overloaded with a burst of pure pleasure. I threw my head back and screamed, feeling Beth's fingernails digging into the soft flesh of my thighs. Harder and harder the orgasm raged, and I began to fear that it might never release me. I pulled Beth's body closer into me, smearing my face in her, trying in vain to merge ourselves together in this perfect union.

And then the orgasm released me. I fell to the side, sliding off Beth and collapsing to the bed beside her. My entire being ached with exertion and fulfilment, I'd never felt anything like this before. For an unknown time, I lay there, muscles twitching, synapses firing, unable to process the extent of what we'd done.

Again and again that night, we came together. Beth was insatiable in both her desire and her need to please me. With each new orgasm, I gained confidence in my domination, and Beth appeared to accept her submission. And yet, my hunger was not yet fulfilled. I began to think beyond that night, to plot, to scheme, to entertain notions that hours before would have been unthinkable...

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Chapter 3: Choices

Now

The four of us left the Viewing Room through the door we'd entered by and headed for the living room. Elise numbly accepted my arm and I led her across the hall. Behind us, Beth and Christa followed, keeping their distance and heads bowed.

When we reached the living room, I directed Elise to the sofa and had her sit. She accepted without question and lowered herself down, each movement stiff and halting, her face a perfect picture of confusion. I sat down beside her and angled my body so that I was facing towards her, our knees almost touching.

"Girls, kneel," I said off-handedly to Beth and Christa. The two dolls moved to the center of the room and lowered themselves to their knees on the edge of the rug, approximately four feet from where we sat. As one, they crossed their arms behind their backs, parted their knees so that their shaven pussies were visible to me and lowered their heads. "Good girls," I said with a smile.

Elise regarded the two girls with a look of fascination and revulsion. "I don't understand, why do you let her do that to you?" she said, aiming the question at Christa and Beth.

The two kneeling girls remained completely still and completely silent. "Beth, you may answer Elise's question," I said, freeing Beth to speak.

The brunette looked up and smiled at the reporter. "I belong to my Mistress," she offered sweetly.

Elise shook her head. "No, you belong to yourself. You don't belong to anyone else!" she snapped.

Beth's perfect smile never faltered. "I choose to belong to my Mistress," she said simply, and returned to her submissive pose.

The young reporter turned back to face me. She stared beyond me and appeared deep in thought. I allowed her a moment to process the information that she'd received. "How many do you have? Dolls… I mean girls?"

“I have only the six you have seen, for now. Some have been with me longer than others, some are newer arrivals. Would you like a tea my dear?”

Elise ignored the question. Her mind seemed to have come alive and was working at what she did best, being a reporter. “I asked you before if they were slaves… are they?”

“What is a slave Elise?”

“Someone forced to do something against their will.”

“Then they are not slaves.”

“I don’t believe you. You must have some hold over them. Is it money?”

“My dolls receive no money from me. They are here because they wish to be.”

“What happens if one of them want to leave?”

“Then they leave. Several of my girls have left me before. One of them went on to become a collector herself. I can introduce you if you wish?” I added sweetly.

“Is it a sex thing?”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Are they sex slaves?”

“Are you asking if I have sex with them?” She nodded. “Of course, my girls pleasure me in whichever way I see fit, and each other.” I paused and let the bluntness of my reply sink in. “May I ask you a question Elise?”

She seemed surprised. “Of-of course.”

“Do you ever wake up in the morning and wish that someone else would make all of the hard decisions? That your day was completely known, completely mapped out?”

She looked around, expecting a trick question. “I-I… of course, doesn’t everyone?”

“Does the world ever seem too much for you Elise? Do you ever think that it would be better to have no feelings, to be a blank automaton?”

“I’m not sure I…” She paused and thought a second. “Yes,” she breathed.

“Then the lives of my girls may not be as foreign and peculiar as you imagine. They have simply given themselves to me, relinquished control over their existence to someone else. They find pleasure in obedience, because they don’t have to take responsibility for their actions.”

I clicked my fingers and pointed at the floor in front of where we sat. Beth and Christa responded instantly and crawled across to us, returning to their kneeling postures with practised ease.

“Allow me to demonstrate. Christa, kiss Beth. Beth, don’t respond.”

“It’s really not…” began Elise trying to protest. But before she could continue her sentence, Christa had pivoted around on the rug until she faced Beth. Parting her knees, she shuffled forwards so that Beth was positioned between her legs. Beth remained statue-still and motionless as Christa leaned towards her and lightly touched her lips to Beth’s. Christa pulled back for a second, then leaned in again and kissed Beth harder this time, flicking her eager tongue across the other girl’s expressionless mouth.

I looked away from my performing pets and studied Elise’s expression. She seemed captivated by the exhibition before her. Her wide-eyed stare a picture of intrigue and confusion. I wondered idly to myself whether she was ready yet.

“Sit back on the sofa Elise,” I ventured.

Elise turned to look at me quizzically. “What…?” she asked.

“Sit back.” To my relief, the reporter shuffled back in the seat and sat back, uncrossing her legs in the process. I snapped my fingers, causing Christa to pull back from Beth’s mouth and return to her kneeling position.

“Girls. I want you to take off Elise’s shoes and massage her feet. You may use your mouths if you wish,” I said, never shifting my gaze from Elise’s face.

Her eyes widened and she sat forwards. “Wait, I… there’s been a mistake… I’m not…”

“Not what? A lesbian?” She nodded numbly but offered no further protest. Before her, Christa and Beth each took hold of one of her feet and shifted forwards. As I watched, the girls slid Elise’s pretty pink heels off, teasing out the motion with the expert skill of professionals. They then took hold of Elise’s nylon covered toes and began to gently rub her soles with their thumbs. It was Christa who cracked first, giving in to the temptation of taste and lifting Elise’s leg after just a few seconds. With obvious relish, she swept her eager tongue over the reporter’s perfect arch. The blonde lawyer had a thing for feet, a facet of her personality that I enjoyed regularly myself.

Elise gasped as Christa’s wet tongue touched her foot, and she dug her fingers into the material of the couch. Beth noted the response and began

her own oral exploration of Elise, plunging the reporter's toes between her lips and sucking on the soft pantyhose covered digits. Elise cried out, in both surprise and excitement.

"You don't need to be a lesbian," I said to her with a smile. "This is simply a demonstration of what it means to be a collector, and what it means to be collected."

Elise nodded distantly, her mind was elsewhere. Beth had plunged her nose into the space behind Elise's toes and was inhaling deeply, before nibbling her way along the arch of her foot, relishing every exquisite taste. Meanwhile, Christa was planting kisses along the length of Elise's sole, alternating quick flicks of her tongue over that delicious flesh.

"As a reporter, you should value this insight. Do you feel this is a valuable experience Elise?" I asked, mockingly.

Elise nodded. "It's… uh… very useful…"

I reached down and touched Elise's arm. She flinched at my touch, senses heightened by the unrelenting attention.

"You've done very well my dear, you've done as you've been told and played along with my foolish whims. But I want to give you a taste of the other side."

"Wh-what do you mean?" gasped Elise.

"I want you to choose which one you would like - Christa or Beth."

Elise looked at me with a confused look on her face, punctuated by wide eyed surprise as Christa and Beth continued to devour her feet and discover new ways to make her feel pleasure. "I-I don't understand," she managed to whisper.

"I want you to choose which girl you would like to eat your pussy," I stated matter-of-factly, relishing this display of power and dominance. I enjoyed little more in this world than introducing straight girls to the world of sapphic lust. I loved to watch them fight it every step of the way, only relinquishing their prejudices when an eager tongue finds its way to their dripping cunts.

Elise pulled back and turned to me, looking shocked and repulsed. "I told you, I'm not a lesbian! I don't want to do that?"

"Don't you?" I smiled knowingly.

"No!"

"Then, you may leave. But on the off-chance that this is not what you really want, I shall make the offer one more time. Choose either Beth or

Christa to eat your pussy."

The room fell silent. Beth and Christa had pulled back from Elise's feet and were watching with rapt attention as the power struggle played out before them. I could see in their eyes that each of them hoped that she would be picked. My girls loved the taste of pussy, especially nervous first time pussy like this. Good girls.

Meanwhile, Elise sat back and fell silent. It was obvious that a storm of conflicting emotions was raging in her mind. Were these feelings that she was confronting for the first time? Or was I simply tapping into an existing reservoir of desire? Loosening a dam that held back a deluge of possibility?

And then, unexpectedly, she stood, stooping only to pick up her discarded shoes. "I'm sorry, I have to leave," she said quietly, then hurried to the door, disappearing into the hall.

I felt a wave of confusion descend on me. I didn't normally judge people so badly, I'd thought I had her. I sensed a similar disappointment from both Christa and Beth. My girls were unusually empathic when it came to my moods - if I was unhappy, they were unhappy.

From the hallway, I heard the door open. And then, silence.

After several seconds, Elise reappeared at the living room entrance, her shoes still dangling from her fingers. We waited.

"I choose… Christa...." she whispered, so quiet I could barely hear her.

"Speak up Elise," I said.

"I said I choose Christa… to eat my pussy," she repeated and hung her head down as though undergoing a surrender and submission of her own.

Before

The morning after my first night with Beth, I was woken up by the sound of a floorboard creaking in the room. I sat up straight in bed, struggling to remember where I was, desperately trying to acclimatize to the early morning light as quickly as possible.

Across the room, Beth was heading in the direction of the door. Her hair was an intriguing mess and her white blouse had been pulled on in a hurry, barely stopping to fasten the buttons. In her hands, she clutched her purse, shoes and a tangled ball of pantyhose and underwear.

"Where are you going Beth?" I asked pointedly.

She stopped walking and I heard a sharp inhale of breath. “I’m… I’m going back to my room. I need to get ready for work.” She didn’t turn to face me.

“Stand up straight,” I said, irritated by the way she hunched her shoulders. She responded instantly, straightening her back and holding her head up.

“Listen,” she began, and I sensed her next words. “Last night was lovely… but it was a mistake. It was not me. Not who I am. I don’t know you.” She still didn’t turn to face me.

I felt a rising panic. This isn’t what I expected. I’d planned an elaborate day of exploration with my new lover. I didn’t expect that I was going to be a shameful one night stand. I even intended to eat breakfast off her body for goodness sake! The thought of losing her sickened me.

My mind raced at a million miles a second. And then my thoughts collapsed on a single point, a single notion. The memory of how it had felt to demand from Beth exactly what I had wanted, how it had felt to have her obey me utterly. To be so in control.

The overwhelming sense of panic, the fear of losing her, that was the Claudia who had been married to Jeremy. Constantly doubting herself, never knowing what she wanted, a slave to another. But I was different now. In an evening filled with new tastes, the one taste I enjoyed the most was the taste of control I’d had. I decided to take a risk.

“Put your things down Beth, turn around and come back here. Kneel beside the bed.” I stated my intent as clearly as I could manage, never allowing a single doubt to surface. I wanted her to surrender to me, so I had to feel as though I was worth surrendering to.

To my surprise, not to mention relief, Beth stopped creeping across the room. She paused for a fraction of a second, then released her bundle of possessions to the floor. She turned to face me, head bowed and eyes lowered. Without a single word, she hurried back to the bed and lowered herself to her knees beside it. She gazed up at me expectantly.

I cast aside the bedsheets and turned to the table beside me. From the drawer, I pulled a notepad and pen and began to write hurriedly.

“Your old life is over now Beth, do you understand?” I said as I wrote.

“Yes, Miss Ross,” replied Beth without hesitation. Was it my imagination or did I detect a note of relief in her voice? Was her intended

departure a subtle manipulation? Forcing me into a position? It didn't matter.

"You belong to me now. You're my property. You don't go anywhere unless I say so, is that clear?" I fleshed out the fantasy that had been forming in my mind all night.

"Yes, Miss Ross," she replied. Every capitulation was a step that could not be retraced.

"Shortly I will dismiss you and you will leave this room and return to yours. Today, you will speak to your boss and resign from your job. You will then book a plane ticket and come to this address." I handed her the piece of paper. "You should bring no possessions, I will dress you as I see fit. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Ross."

She folded the piece of paper and clutched it to her chest.

"And you accept that in doing this, you are relinquishing control of your life to me? That you are becoming my property, to do with as I desire?"

"Of course, Miss Ross." I could scarcely believe that this was happening. Was she going along with my sordid desire so readily?

I shifted my body to the edge of the bed and swung my legs down so that my pussy was facing her, mere inches from her face. She gazed at it with a longing that I had never seen Jeremy express in fifteen years of marriage. A momentary twinge of regret blossomed in my mind, so many lost years.

I reached forward and cupped my palm around her cheek. She leaned lovingly into my touch, closing her eyes and sighing with an audible coo. Then I tugged her gently forwards until her mouth was touching my pussy. It would be many days before I saw her again, I wanted to give her a taste to remember me by.

My new toy set to work immediately, her tongue now considerably more experienced in pleasing me than it had been twelve hours ago. She attacked my clitoris first, focusing her assault there with a series of jabs and pokes and lengthy strokes. I moaned and fell back on the bed, wrapping my lower legs around her body and locking her in place. I felt her pace quicken, darting here and there with a youthful vigor. I felt her tongue harden and push forward into my hole, twirling around to heighten the sensation of

penetration - she learned fast. Then she returned upwards to my clitoris, replacing her tongue with a pair of slender fingers inside me.

As she attacked my core with licks and prods, she worked on my g-spot with her fingers, finding that rough penny and massaging it in time with her tongue. My mind exploded with pleasure, simultaneously wondering how such sensation was possible and whether my body could even take such torment.

I began to writhe on the bed, no longer concerned about neighbouring rooms hearing my cries I screamed out. “Yes! Yes! Fuck my pussy harder!” I surprised even myself with the porno-monologue that spewed from my mouth as Beth devoured my sex with reckless abandon.

The bed shook now as I bucked and flailed, hands thrashing beside me, clutching handfuls of bedsheet or comforter. With my free hand, I grabbed my breasts, roughly kneading the tender flesh, firing up the conflagration that was building in my loins.

I allowed the flame to build, coaxing it higher, inviting it to grow and burn me up completely. Yet I wanted this escalation to never end - the paradox of lustful desire, to embrace it is to cut it short. So it warred inside me until I lost control of it and the decision was taken from me.

The orgasm roared outwards, sending jets of rocket fuel down my arms and legs. I felt my thighs tighten around Beth’s head, locking her in place, not allowing her to escape from the deluge she’d unleashed. I felt my arms shoot outwards, grabbing at the bed, a desperate attempt to anchor myself to this maddening reality. My head pushed back and my back arched upwards. “Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!” I cried out as the most intense orgasm of my young life ripped through my body and rendered me insensate! An orgasm whose power far exceeded the sum of its parts - Beth’s loving manipulation, her willing surrender, the thrill of control, or possibility. All of this exploded outwards at the speed of light and atomised my being until I blacked out and fell backwards onto the bed, my body spent and useless, a smouldering husk.

When I came around, she was gone, but so was the note. Now all I could do was return home and wait. Like a patient collector, awaiting the

delivery of a prized rare find, I would await the arrival of my first living doll.

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Chapter 4: Delivery

Now

“I-I don’t know what to do,” said Elise, her voice trembling and hands shaking as I led her to the bed.

“Sit down dear,” I smiled, gently pushing her shoulders until her knees buckled and she slumped down to the edge of the mattress. After she’d made her choice, I’d taken the bewildered looking girl by the hand and guided her up the stairs. She’d followed along without a word of complaint, face stricken in a mask of fear and confusion. “Have you been with a woman before?” I asked matter-of-factly.

The brunette reporter shook her head numbly, her dark curls rippling gently around her slender neck. “N-no,” she whispered, barely audible over the sound of her laboured breathing.

I touched my fingertips to her cheek and stroked her reassuringly, the calming act of a mother, with no hint of the sordid fate I had in store for her. Behind us, Christa and Beth entered the room and stood together by the door, legs spread a shoulder’s width apart, hands clasped behind their backs.

“Beth, undress Elise,” I said, stepping back and leaving Elise alone on the bed. I walked over to the comfortable wingback chair by the window and lowered myself down, crossing my legs and watching with eager anticipation as Beth approached the trembling reporter. As much as I enjoyed playing with my girls, I found an equal pleasure in watching them play together. And there was something uniquely thrilling about watching them play with an inexperienced girl. I reached down below my hemline and lightly rubbed my thighs, pulling my skirt up ever so slightly.

Elise looked up and watched Beth approach with nervous apprehension, as though circled by a hungry wolf. Behind Beth, Christa surveyed the pair of them, a greedy glint in her eye.

“May I?” breathed Beth, gesturing at the buttons of her blazer.

Elise nodded, moving her hands off her lap and placing them on the bed beside her. She sat back, inviting Beth towards her and my elfin toy

began to undress the trembling brunette. Their eyes met briefly and an unspoken reassurance flashed between the two girls, a silent communication that contained a deeper sentiment - lust.

I relaxed somewhat, sensing that Elise was beginning to feel what I felt every time I looked at my girls, that she was beginning to understand and anticipate the new sensations that I had gifted her.

With a gentle motion, Beth eased the jacket off Elise's shoulders, stroking her hands down the other girl's bare arms. Elise shuddered noticeably and sighed as her skin touched Beth's. She turned her head to follow with rapt attention as Beth took the pristine jacket and folded it over the end of the bed, then returned to remove her blouse. Her eyes followed Beth's every move, savored every button as each one fell to Beth's skillful fingers, until, finally, her short-sleeved blouse joined her jacket in a neat pile.

With a gasp, Elise realized that she was exposed and glanced down at her breasts, still covered with a delicate white bra. She lifted her arm to cover herself instinctively, blushing and lowering her eyes. Beth climbed up onto the bed and kneeled beside her, resting a reassuring hand on her thigh and smiling pleasantly. With her other hand, she reached around Elise and expertly unclasped the bra, then guided its straps over Elise's shoulders. Elise sighed and moved her arm, allowing the bra to fall away and freeing her full breasts.

It was Beth's turn to smile greedily and lick her lips, then she leaned forwards and playfully flicked her tongue over Elise's hardening nipple, lifting her eyes to study the brunette's reaction. Elise gasped and giggled nervously, a red flush adding color to her pretty face.

"Oh…" she said, seemingly lost for words.

Beth lowered her head again and wrapped her lips around Elise's whole nipple, cupping the breast in her hand and lifting it to her. She began to suck that delicious flesh, causing Elise to throw her head back and moan out loud, thrusting her chest out towards the other girl.

"Christa, remove Elise's skirt," I said, drawing my attention away from the captivating scene unfolding before me.

Christa purred and nodded, then stepped across the room with three long strides, barely able to conceal her enthusiasm. She squatted down before Elise and reached forwards, hooking her fingers into the waistband of Elise's skirt, then pulled with surprising force. Both Elise and Beth

squealed at the ferocity of Christa's assault and Elise fell back on the bed. At once, Beth pounced on the now prone reporter, locking her lips on Elise's mouth and kissing her passionately. The trapped reporter moaned a muffled yelp but didn't attempt to resist, allowing Beth to probe her mouth with an eager tongue. In time, her own tongue danced with Beth's, rolling together with an exquisite need for taste.

Meanwhile, Christa had coaxed Elise's skirt, pantyhose and panties down her legs and over her feet. The tall blonde took the bundle of clothes and casually tossed it aside, a stark contrast to the tender care with which Beth had folded Elise's clothes beside them. I would have to remember to reprimand Christa for that, such a lack of control was not becoming - this house was long overdue a spanking, I thought to myself with a rush of anticipation.

Having freed her prey from the constraint of clothing, Christa lowered herself down to her knees and placed her hand on Elise's thighs, pushing her legs apart. She gazed forwards and licked her lips, surveying the dripping folds of the reporter's young sex. She twitched, about to dive in, but something stopped her. She turned her head and looked at me, her eyes pleading for permission.

I gazed back, pausing as long as I thought necessary to teach the willful blonde a little discipline. Then I nodded and flashed the three girls a sultry smirk.

"Thank you mistress," breathed Christa and turned back to Elise's exposed pussy. I sat forwards in my seat, cocking my head to one side and studying the reporter's face, eager to catch this moment. Christa hooked her hands under Elise's knees and lifted her legs up and back, spreading the girl's wet lips out, revealing her asshole. The tall blonde looked predatory, animalistic, a stalking beast circling her quarry. Then she bent down and lapped her tongue slowly from the cleft of Elise's ass over her tight hole to the complex folds of her clitoral hood.

Elise's face went slack, a wave of pleasure and realization sweeping over her, brushing aside the self-conscious doubt that held her in check. "Oh… I…" she stammered, then reached down and grabbed Beth's head, pulling the brunette off her breasts back to her mouth. It was Elise's turn to take what she wanted now, her turn to lead the kiss, devouring Beth's lips and tongue with her own as Christa lapped and sucked on her dripping pussy.

I leaned back in the chair and lifted my right leg over the armrest, spreading my own legs. With a shuffle of my ass, I pulled my dress up around my hips and dropped my hand between my thighs, finding my panties to be warm and moist with no surprise at all. Without thinking, I shifted the delicate material of my underwear aside with my fingertips and began to delicately toy with my clitoris, squeezing that throbbing nub between thumb and forefinger, working it in tight little circles as the three girls played together on the bed before me.

The writhing mass of female flesh shifted. Beth sat up from Elise's mouth and gazed down at the naked reporter, a greedy expression of desire gripping her delicate features. Then, without asking for permission, she swung her leg up and over Elise's chest, trapping the reporter's arms under her lower legs and positioning her head inches from Beth's pussy. From between stockinged thighs, I caught sight of Elise's tumble of dark curls bobbing up and down as Elise nodded her consent, then Beth shuffled forwards to sit on her captive's face.

Elise disappeared into that unfathomably compelling prison. I shifted in my seat to catch a better glimpse, but only the top of Elise's head was visible now, bobbing up and down as she explored this glorious new taste. I felt a flush of envy twirl around the warm jolts of pleasure that were washing over my body - to taste another woman for the first time, as I had tasted Beth for the first time all those years ago. I longed for that fresh exploration, that glorious realization.

Beth threw her head back and she moaned out loud, lifting her hands to her bare breasts and kneading them roughly.

Meanwhile, between Elise's legs, Christa continued her furious assault. Her head was a blur of blonde hair, moving back and forth as she guided her expert tongue over Elise's pussy, plunging it back and forth. From beneath Beth, Elise began to squeal with every sharp stab of Christa's tongue. Christa lifted her head slightly and set to work on Elise's clit, locking her eyes on Beth as the other girl rhythmically rolled her hips on Elise's face.

I felt myself responding to this erotic escalation, unconsciously lifting a hand to my breast, slipping it under my blouse and pulling down on my bra in a single motion. I gripped myself roughly and sighed at the tenderness of my nipples. Hot jolts of electricity rippled through my body, thrilling me with the sight of the unfolding scene of sexual release on the

bed and my own insistent touch. Between my legs, my hand began to move quicker, slender fingers slipping quickly through slick folds, squeezing my aching sex, spreading that delicious moisture over that hard nub.

Beth's motion began to change. She reached down and grabbed Elise's head around the ears, lifting her up and locking the other girl's mouth on her pussy. Elise moaned audibly. I could only imagine the weight of sensation that was rocking her body, the sense of complete envelopment between Beth's legs, the relentless attention of Christa's tongue.

Suddenly, Beth's breathing changed. Her long sighs changed to short, sharp gasps. She began to grind her hips forwards in a rolling motion, smearing her sex against Elise's face. I watched in rapt fascination as the orgasm built in my first doll's body, quickening my pace between my own legs. Beth's panting reached a hot crescendo and her body arched backwards with an intolerable tension. Between her thighs, Elise let out a muffled gasp, a moment of panic as she became caught up in Beth's release.

Then all of the tension in Beth's body was released in a loud moan. Her mouth fell open and the muscles in her neck stood out in protest at the internal turmoil within her. She began to shake her head back and forth as the moan continued.

As the tsunami of pleasure washed over Beth, both Christa and I responded in our own way. I plunged my fingers deeper into my sex, rubbing, tugging, sliding my fingers quicker and faster. While Christa coiled her arms around Elise's thighs, securing herself for her final assault. She plunged her face forwards, sucking Elise's entire sex into her mouth with an intensity that surprised even me. She seemed to be possessed, unable to do anything more than eat this young reporter's hot pussy.

Elise responded, her mouth now freed from Beth's damp lips as the slight brunette fell off her body and collapsed to the bed beside them. The unquenchable fire of orgasmic energy seemed to leap from Beth as her body went limp, entering Elise and animating her as it had animated Beth before her. Elise's body lifted off the bed, elevated by her arched back. She thrust her hips forwards, matching Christa's escalation with her own. "Ah! Ah! Ah!" she screamed out, eyes held tightly closed, hands thrashing out to her sides only to grip the bed sheets with furious intensity.

At once, I felt my own body give in to the same unstoppable force and a hot fireball rose in my loins, sending waves of molten pleasure through my body. I pushed down on my clit one final time, never once letting my

eyes stray from Elise's young body as it writhed before me in the grip of sexual release.

Elise's eyes slammed shut and her head pushed back onto the bed. Her mouth fell open but no sound issued forth. She drew her knees up and back and reached down with her hands to grab Christa's bobbing head, riding the blonde's face as though she'd done it a million times before.

I felt my vision start to blur and it was my time to call out. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" I cried, and my voice was joined once more by Elise's. Our cries of utter ecstasy rose together in a crescendo of magnificent ecstasy. Our tortured bodies thrashed about, animated by the force of sensation and the overwhelming, intoxicating feeling of sexual satisfaction.

And then, as quickly as it began, it was over. Elise fell back onto the bed, her body going limp, arms falling to her side, releasing Christa who sat back on her heels and studied the young reporter's deflating form. I felt myself slump into the chair, legs splayed before me, arms hanging over the armrests. My entire being seemed to sing with the tingling echo of the departed orgasm.

The room fell silent, but for the heavy breathing of four women. The air was rich with the scent of perfume and sex, a heady cocktail of sensual desire.

I shook my head to regain myself, then sat up in the chair, straightening my blouse and pulling my dress down around my thighs. On trembling legs, I stood and flicked a loose strand of hair off my face - it was important to appear proper at all time when with my dolls.

When I was sure of my footing, I walked over to the bed and gently touched Christa's cheek, then leaned down and kissed her tenderly on the mouth. Her face was still slick with Elise's juices and she tasted simply magnificent. "Thank you dear," I breathed and Christa's face lit up with a docile smile of utter contentment.

I turned to the bed and the pair of prone women there. "Beth, when we're gone I want you to eat Christa's pussy. Don't stop until she's begging you to, do you understand?"

A filthy grin spread over Beth's face and she eyed Christa greedily. That one was insatiable. "Yes mistress," she purred.

I nodded and reached down, placing a fingertip on Elise's thigh. The touch was like electricity to her overloaded senses and she shuddered. "Elise, I want you to meet me in the viewing room in two minutes."

I turned, not waiting for a response, and headed downstairs. The moment of truth had arrived, and I wondered inwardly how this would play out.

Before

The days after Vegas seemed intolerably long and plagued by self-doubt. As my flight touched down and I took the short taxi ride from the airport to my home, I began to wonder if I hadn't dreamed the whole sordid incident, that Beth and my strange control over her wasn't some secret fantasy, a by product of the decadent city that I found myself in.

I returned home and fell back into my life, the charity lunches, the pointless, wasteful spending. I began to wonder what I would even do if Beth did turn up. What would she be to me? My girlfriend? My lover? My maid? I had no idea. What would my friends say, upon finding out that I had acquired a strange young girl, over a decade my junior, and asked her to move in with me? As the days went by and the memory of that hot, sultry night faded into memory, I felt a palpable relief that I wouldn't have to confront the consequences of my rash actions.

And then, six days after that strange night, the doorbell rang. I was in the garden at the time, tending my tulips. I looked up and wondered who it could be, never once suspecting it would be anything other than a package delivery or door-to-door bible hawker.

I stepped through the house and down the long hallways, my flowery summer dress flowing around my long legs, the delicate tap of my cork wedge sandals on the polished wood floor echoing around the empty house.

I pulled the door open and there she was. Beth. Winsome, elfin Beth, looking nervous and doubtful. I gasped and inhaled sharply and she lowered her gaze to the floor, a strange echo of how she had reacted when I'd opened my hotel room door to her in Vegas.

"Hello Beth," I managed to say, fighting back the warring feelings of dread and excitement that were washing over me. "Won't you come in?"

Beth nodded and stepped past me. "I-I'm sorry I took so long to get here, Miss Ross, I had to quit my apartment and put my things in storage," she added.

Oh God, this was real, I thought to myself.

I studied the girl as she gazed around my hallway in awestruck silence. She was carrying nothing more than a simple rucksack, slung over one slender shoulder. She was dressed in a tight, white t-shirt, with skinny jeans and white sneakers. Her dark hair was held back in a short ponytail, revealing her pale neck.

“I-I wasn’t sure if you were serious,” she breathed.

“What do you mean?” I asked, knowing exactly what she meant.

“You said I belonged to you now… I… I hoped you meant that…” she said, hanging her head, sounding nervous and guilty.

“Do you want to belong to me?”

“Y-yes.”

I cocked my head to one side. “In what way?”

She sniffed and blinked. “I want to be yours, completely… like a, like a doll...”

My heart skipped a beat and I gasped. I sensed my world changing, and I wanted it more than anything I’ve ever wanted in my life.

“Beth,” I said, summoning the feeling of command and control that I’d felt that night in Vegas. “I want you to go upstairs, and enter my bedroom. It’s the third room on the right.” She nodded, raising her head for the first time. “I want you to strip naked and put your clothes in the hamper you’ll find in the closet. Then I want you to look in my drawers - you’ll find a pair of white, silk stockings and a garter belt. Put these on, then select a pair of white shoes from the closet. When you are done, I want you to come downstairs and find me.”

The girl nodded and turned quickly, hurrying up the stairs.

I sighed and shook my head. *Was this really happening?* I thought.

I turned to my left and stepped into the dining room, a long, open space that was dominated by an extravagant dining table. The room also contained a number of plastic crates, the final legacy of my late husband. The crates were bound for Goodwill. At least Jeremy’s death would allow those less fortunate to enjoy the luxury of tailor made shirts and pants! I stepped past the boxes and stood by the window, enjoying the view of my garden, trying not to think about the obedient girl who was naked upstairs.

A creak on the stairs roused me from my thoughts and I turned around to find Beth standing in the doorway. “Is this okay?” she asked, her arms hanging limply by her side.

I took a step towards her, unable to look away from her captivating body. Her naked breasts were small and round, her perfect pink nipples firm and taut. I allowed my eyes to crawl down her stomach, taking in every sensual inch of her young flesh. I lingered for a moment on her pussy. She'd shaved herself since last time I'd seen it, giving her sex the pristine appearance of unsullied youth. I gazed at her puffy labia, enjoying the faint hint of the delights within.

Her pale legs were clad in white stockings, held in place with a lace garter belt. She'd selected white sandals from my collection, high stiletto heels that wrapped around her feet with a mesmerizing array of delicate leather straps.

The girl looked like a perplexing contradiction - virginal and pure, yet sensual and provocative. I was filled with a need to both mother her and to violate her. I supposed that I would do both.

But, for now, I was content to simply look at her and bathe in the realization that she was entirely mine.

A sudden thought crossed my mind. One borne of desire and a sordid sense of control. I looked over at the plastic crates at the side of the room.

"Beth," I said, "I'd like you to step over to those crates and climb up onto one of them. I wish to see you properly."

The young girl turned to the boxes, looking confused and scared. But she quickly obeyed, taking tiny steps over the polished floor. She paused by the box, then turned and lowered herself down onto it until she was sitting on the edge. Then she lifted her legs gracefully, up and to the side. With considerable trepidation, she lifted herself to her feet, taking care not to lose balance on her precarious heels. She stood and turned to face me, replicating the simple pose she'd had beside the door.

"Like this?" she asked, unsure of herself.

I paused and lifted a hand to my chin, studying her as she stood above me.

"Not quite. I want you to pose like a mannequin, perfectly still. I want your expression to be blank and mindless. I want you to be the doll you spoke of," I said, suddenly sure of what I needed.

Beth capitulated instantly, falling into a doll-like pose. Hands raised, palms upwards, legs spread apart slightly. Her face became rigid, eyes raised upwards, mouth held open slightly.

She became lifeless and blank, entirely mine, totally possessed. And the sight thrilled me. At once, the realization of what I wanted washed over me, what I needed, what I had the power and desire to obtain.

My pussy sang out with waves of pure arousal as I gazed at the motionless, frozen girl. Hot warmth that demanded attention, a slick desire that I now had an outlet for.

I gazed around the room. The box on which Beth posed was only one of many. Countless empty stands, countless opportunities. I realized then that Beth was only the first, that in time I would fill all of those places, with girls of every kind. And they would be mine to do with as I pleased!

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Epilogue: Collected

Now

“Why am I here Miss Ross?”

I turned from the window where I stood and looked back across the viewing room. I’d drawn back the drapes and the long room was bathed in the long light of late afternoon sun. The ruddy glow cast the onyx plinths - no longer occupied by my frozen dolls - in stark contrast. Elise was standing in the doorway, totally naked, her hair sticking to her damp forehead in tangled strands. As I watched, she gripped her left arm with her right hand and shifted nervously from foot to foot, lowering her gaze.

“Why do you think you’re here Elise?”

Elise furrowed her brow in concentration and looked up towards me. Her gaze scanned the room and a look of realization settled on her face. “There…” she began, her eyes flicking between the unoccupied plinths. “There were six before, now there are seven,” she added under her breath.

I followed her gaze to the end of the room where I’d placed the seventh plinth. It was set back against the far wall, equidistant from the two rows of three that lined the other walls. I said nothing, allowing Elise to process this new information.

She looked up at me again. “When I asked you before if you knew me… I was right, wasn’t I?”

I smiled and took a step towards her. “What does it mean to know someone?”

“I-I don’t understand…”

“I was *aware* of you, that is true.”

“What do you mean?”

I paused and studied her. This was the moment of truth, the point at which my scheme was revealed. “I first saw you six months ago in a coffee shop. You were with friends. I overheard a part of your conversation and watched the three of you talk. While your companions spoke of the men in their lives, you sat back and listened. You played along, but there was no sense of belonging or commonality there.”

She nodded numbly, shocked but not surprised.

“I saw you again in a bookstore downtown, several weeks later. You were browsing one of the less-travelled sections on human sexuality; in particular, books about submission and domination.” She looked away and blushed. “I tracked you down on Facebook and Twitter - remarkably easy to do if you know the smallest details about a person. From there, I learned that you were single, that you hated your job, that you longed for simplicity. I used your details to contact your high school teachers, posing as a potential employer, looking for references.”

Elise gasped, and turned away. I could only imagine how violating it felt to learn that someone had delved so deeply into your life. “That’s… you can’t…” she began.

“Your teachers responded with a remarkable uniformity. You were a diligent student, quiet, accomplished. But there was a word that they all used: *obedient*.”

I took another two short steps towards her until I was standing mere inches from her naked body. I could see her breasts rise and fall with each short breath and the intriguing glint of moisture on her pussy hairs. I reached out and touched the back of my fingers to her upper arm. She flinched but didn’t back away. Instead, she turned towards me and lifted her head, fixing me with a numb stare.

“Why are there seventh plinths, Miss Ross?” she asked, but the question had no real conviction.

“Why do you think there are seven plinths Elise?” I asked with a warm smile.

She sighed and her shoulders slumped, an internal surrender. For the first time, I allowed myself to relax.

“I am being collected,” she breathed, gazing off into the distance.

I lifted my hand to her cheek, touching her burning skin. She leaned into my hand and sighed. “If you want to be,” I said. “You’ve seen what we have here. You’ve seen what I demand of my girls. You’ve experienced the kind of life that you could enjoy. But it is up to you, you must give yourself to me. Your life is not mine to claim.”

I stepped back away from her and crossed my hands before me, studying the tormented girl. Elise turned her head and looked back into the hall, at the doorway that would take her back to her life, away from this crazy situation that she never asked for, and never wanted.

Then she looked back into the viewing room. Her head dropped and she closed her eyes, lost in an internal struggle that I could only imagine. And then, as the first creeping signs of doubt began to re-enter my mind, she took a single small step forwards. Then another.

With glacial slowness, the tiptoed across the room, through the shafts of amber light that poured in through the windows. I followed her progress, admiring her young body, studying every toned curve. She reached the seventh plinth and paused before it, then looked back at me with a look of agonized indecision on her face.

I gazed back and nodded once, firm and clear.

Elise turned away and took a single step up onto the ebony cylinder, pausing as she lifted herself up. Then she turned her body to face me and fell into a mannequin pose. Arms held out before her in a submissive stance, head raised, painted lips slightly open and eyes wide. In the ruddy glow, her skin appeared marble hard and pristine, and I sighed at the perfect beauty before me, an avatar of obedience, my newest living doll.

THE END

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Collecting Chloe, Society Brat

by Ella Ford

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Chapter 1: Play Time

Now

My name is Claudia Ross and I collect girls.

Does that surprise you? I collect girls like you might collect stamps or comic books. I am a vociferous collector. I see one that I want and I acquire her, going to great lengths to put her into my collection. I treat her like a possession, using her as I see fit, playing with her. She is a toy, and toys should be played with. When a girl joins my collection, she becomes a doll, and I immerse her in a world of total obedience and utter pleasure.

I sense your disapproval, you think I'm some kind of monster? A wretched human trafficker, taking that which is not mine, abducting girls for my own perverted needs. No! If you believe only one thing I say in this testimony, believe this: *I only collect those who wish to be collected.*

Thought let's be completely honest here. There *are* collectors out there who employ less *acceptable* means of acquisition. Unscrupulous women and men who wield a formidable array of narcotics, hypnotic suggestions or plain, old fashioned brute force to achieve what they desire. But that is not me. I want you to understand that. Maybe you will come to believe me in time...

Collection is a thrill for me; acquiring a pretty, submissive girl to stand beside my other girls; to pose, to dress, to use. But part of the thrill of that collection is the intoxicating allure of consent. My girls come to me because they want to come to me. When I own them, it is because they wish to be owned. Every single piece in my collection is there because *she* wants to be there.

For some girls, that consent is immediate. An innate need for submission that finally seeks an outlet. When they find out the truth behind my intent, they capitulate in an instant, becoming the doll that I require them to be. For these girls, there is a relief in surrender, a casting off of modern responsibility, the pressure to conform, the expectation of agency. As they take their place in my collection, adopting that blank, mannequin

pose, one can almost feel the weight of their former lives draining from their minds to be replaced by obedience, capitulation, submission.

These girls *know,* in the deepest, darkest recesses of their minds, that they want to be collected. I simply show them this truth.

The life I offer is not for everyone though, and when I seek a girl for my collection, I do my homework. I am diligent and responsible, employing my considerable resources to the task of verification. I delve into the lives of my targets, picking apart their pasts, profiling their personalities. I look for signs, indications that they fit the slave archetype - a history of implicit submission; a series of failed relationships that were one-sided and unfulfilling; dead-end careers with little progression; high-school assessments that speak of quiet girls, obedient girls, middle-of-the-road underachievers who seem almost afraid to succeed.

Does that shock you? Does it disgust you? Does it sound as though I am preying on the vulnerable, the weak, those unable to resist?

Perhaps you're right. It is a thought that occurs to me frequently. But as I walk my collection room, stepping between my posed dolls, studying their soft skin and expressionless faces, I see only contentment. I see girls who are free to leave at any time, but remain nevertheless. I have no hold over them other than the promise of satisfaction, of safety, of *pleasure*. Any doubt I have about my motivations or my intent evaporates in the instant that I select a girl, or several, to accompany me to my bedroom that night. Any guilt evaporates, swept away by the animating look of gratitude and anticipation that lights the faces of the dolls I select.

Like it or not, some girls simply want to be owned. They want to be free of modern expectations, giving themselves to another. I simply provide that opportunity.

But not all girls come to me so easily. There are girls who simply do not possess this need for submission, or don't yet realize they do. There are those who fight against their urges, railing against their capitulation at every turn, unwilling to face the implications of what I offer.

And there are those that I do not intend to collect, girls who find their way into my life and my home nevertheless. Accidental acquisitions, the chance finding when you least expect it.

Girls like Chloe…

When I was a young girl, I liked to play with my toys. Though my family was never wealthy, not by any stretch of the imagination, I nevertheless always had the latest playthings. I would spend long hours alone in my room, dressing my dolls and using my imagination to conjure sprawling and endless adventures. My favourite doll - Marnie - I imagined to be a college graduate, finding romance and excitement with her boyfriend - my only male doll, Jones. But it was her adventures with her special girlfriends - Victoria and Penelope - that I enjoyed the most. Sending them on imaginary shopping trips, on holidays, to parties. The adventures of my toys were as real to me as anything.

As an adult, I still like to play with my dolls. But now, our adventures exist beyond the frail bounds of imagination. Isn't it funny how things work out?

Wednesday night was play time, a regular indulgence where I selected several girls to help me live out my fantasies. It was half dress-up, half pornographic scenario, and it excited me like nothing else in my privileged life.

On this particular Wednesday, the session began with me sitting at the desk in my office. My role in this scenario was to play *Miss Ross*, a strict hotel manager. I was dressed in a smart business suit, with tight skirt and prim high heels. I was gazing down at a pile of papers, acting the part of a distracted boss, ticking here and crossing out there.

Opposite me sat Sarah. Sarah was one of my dolls - I called her *The Virgin*. Each of my dolls had a role and a title, an unofficial classification of her inner nature. Sarah was petite and winsome, an elfin brunette with pale skin and a tiny body. Her hair was a mess of dark curls that framed her delicate features and almond eyes. She was quite beautiful and enticingly delicate, appearing far younger than her years. When I posed her, I usually dressed Sarah in a lacy white negligee, with flat shoes and little make-up. I liked her youth, her freshness, her innocence. I liked to corrupt it.

Today, however, I'd dressed Sarah in a very different way. She was wearing a tight, pink t-shirt that emphasized her tiny breasts and thin waist. Her arms were bare and she was wearing short denim cutoff shorts. I

glanced up and she crossed her legs, wrapping her hands around her knee and pointing her sneakered feet distractedly. I wondered if she was as excited for this scenario as I was? There was certainly a look of anticipation on her pretty face.

At once, there was a knock at my office door. Sarah and I looked up, a frisson of excitement flicking between us.

“Come in,” I called, setting my pen down beside my pad of paper and shuffling the pile into a neat stack.

The door swung open slowly with a low creaked and Chloe stepped into the room. Sarah gasped as she set eyes on the tall girl for the first time in this particular costume. I sat back in my chair and slid my reading glasses down my nose, unable to take my eyes off the stunning redhead. I flicked my eyes up and down her body, drinking in every erotic detail.

Chloe was a recent addition to my collection. While Sarah was *The Virgin*, I thought of Chloe as *The Slave.* When I posed her, I kept her completely naked other than a leather collar and cuffs around her slender wrists and ankles. I liked to keep Chloe in this state to remind her of her place, to keep her docile and obedient. Because Chloe, of all of my girls, was my wilful problem child.

But tonight Chloe had been permitted the luxury of clothes, though the result was no less erotic. In this scenario, Chloe was playing the role of a hotel maid. I’d dressed her in a ludicrously exaggerated porno-maid dress - an expansive garment with a voluminous, lace skirt that expanded in a blossom of frills and covered far less of her legs than the amount of material in it would suggest! The neckline of the provocative dress plunged down her creamy chest, revealing her ample cleavage and soft flesh. Her full breasts seemed perpetually on the verge of spilling out of the front, and she kept shifting uncomfortably, a futile attempt to retain her modesty - an amusing gesture, given her usual state of total nakedness.

Her legs were clad in sheer black nylon stockings, held in place with a pretty garter belt, and on her feet she wore the most precarious six inch heels I owned. The very idea that she could ever clean a hotel room was laughable - but that wasn’t really the point.

“Miss Ross, you asked to see me?” said Chloe as she entered the room, gently shutting the door behind her. Her voice was low and quiet, her accent refined and controlled. I leaned my head to the side and smiled. There was a

note of something in her words, a petulant hint of entitlement and resentment.

It amused me greatly to put Chloe in a situation like this, playing the role of a menial worker. It was a far remove from Chloe's privileged upbringing and, despite all of her progress in embracing her submission, she still felt discomfort when lowering herself down to the level of those who once served her.

"Come in Chloe, stand there," I said, pointing at a spot on the floor beside Sarah's seat. "This is Miss Marshall," I said, concocting a surname for Sarah. The winsome brunette had never told me her real name. "Miss Marshall is a guest of the hotel, staying in room 1485."

Chloe nodded and stared at the floor. There was a smouldering fire in her eyes, a hot resentment at being forced to play this reversed role. *She* was supposed to be the disgruntled hotel guest, it was a role she'd been born for!

"Miss Marshall, would you like to repeat what you told me just now?" I said, turning to Sarah and smiling sweetly.

Sarah straightened up in her chair and cleared her throat. "I was heading out for the day, when I realized I had forgotten my purse," she drawled in that thick southern accent that I found so enticing. "So I headed back to my room to get it. When I got there, I found *her,"* she flicked her head in Chloe's direction dismissively, "looking through my bag."

"That's not true! I was cleaning!" spat Chloe, stamping her foot on the floor.

"Settle down Chloe, you'll get your chance," I breathed, allowing a note of annoyance in my tone. "Go on Sarah."

"When I came into the room, she stood up quickly and disappeared into the bathroom. But I saw what it she'd been doing."

"And, what was that?" I said, allowing myself a moment of excitement as I sensed the building tension. I never gave my dolls a detailed script for these sessions, instead priming them with a vague outline and allowing them to improvise. More often than not, these impromptu scenarios became expressions of the girls' fantasies as much as mine. And they had very dirty minds indeed.

Sarah reached to the side of the chair and retrieved her purse, stretching out every motion with an agonising precision. She fished in the

purse for several seconds and then pulled something out. “She was touching this!” said Sarah with an exaggerated gasp.

In her hands was a thick, purple dildo; an intricately moulded likeness of a cock, rippled with textured veins and terminating in a bulbous head.

I gasped and Chloe joined me. We both sensed the direction that Sarah was taking this scene.

“Oh my!” I said with a sigh. “This is a very serious accusation Chloe,” I said, turning to the redhead. The tall girl had lowered her head and was staring at the floor with furious concentration. “And Miss Marshall is a very, very important guest. Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

Chloe shuffled back and forth on her high heeled shoes. “N-no, Miss Ross,” she whispered.

“Then I have no choice but to let you go…” I said with mock sadness. *Over to you, Sarah,* I thought with relish.

Sarah gasped. “Oh Miss Ross!” she drawled. “Let’s not be hasty! I’m sure Chloe was just being curious. Maybe she caught a glimpse of this,” she held the dildo aloft, waving it in the air before her face, “and wanted to know what it was.”

I sat back in my chair, suddenly aching to see these two young beauties fucking each others brains out. These weren’t the adventures of Marnie and her childish friends. This scene was driven by a deeper instinct than that of a juvenile’s imagination. “What did you have in mind?”

Sarah licked her lips and turned to Chloe, flicking her eyes up and down the redhead’s tall figure. “Well, back home when I was a little girl,” she began, as though starting a story about her childhood lemonade stand, “my mamma used to say that there’s wasn’t any problem that couldn’t be solved with a good spanking…”

Chloe sighed and closed her eyes. She did love to be spanked.

I raised my eyebrows. “Well, yes, I suppose I could spank Chloe and that might teach her a lesson,” I said, peering over the top of my glasses.

“No!” snapped Sarah suddenly. “I think that it should… I think that it would be better if… if I spanked her!”

There was a flash of desire in her voice, a hungry intonation that seemed at odds with her almost juvenile, innocent image. Of all my girls, Sarah was the most sexually adventurous. An endless paradox in a tiny body.

“Well, that’s most irregular… Guests punishing staff… I’m not sure I…” I said, teasing out the moment for as long as my aching pussy could stand it.

“If you don’t let me spank her, I’ll tell my mamma and she’ll take our account elsewhere,” said Sarah, pursing her lips petulantly, like a child not getting her own way.

I thought for a second, as if preventing this tiny brunette from punishing my tall redhead was ever a real consideration. “Very well,” I nodded. “Chloe, bend over the desk.”

Chloe sighed and rolled her eyes. I clapped my hands and she jumped into life. She stepped forward two strides until she stood directly in front of me on the other side of the desk, then fixed me with a wide-eyed stare and licked her lips. “Yes. Miss Ross,” she said with that familiar note of resentment in her voice. I loved it when she resisted, because I knew how much she wanted it. I felt a familiar warmth rise in my pussy as the redhead lowered herself down on the desk, sliding forward until she was resting on her elbows and her slender, manicured fingers were gripping the edge of the surface, inches from my body.

Sarah watched her get into position, idly sucking on her forefinger, a glazed look of fascination in her eyes. I could feel her excitement, her desire, her lust.

“Miss Marshall. You may begin,” I said, sitting back in my chair, peering down at Chloe as she awaited her fate.

Sarah uncrossed her legs and stood, taking three measured steps over to the desk. She stopped behind Chloe and reached down, gripping the maid’s frilly dress in her hands and gathering it up over her bottom. Chloe sighed as her ass was exposed. She closed her eyes and waited, tightening her grip on the desk.

I found myself unable to take my eyes off Sarah’s pretty young face as she gazed at Chloe. She pulled her lower lip between her teeth and absent-mindedly began to chew it, as though lost in thought.

“I think…” she began.

“Go on,” I said, sitting back in my chair and crossing my legs. I glanced down at Chloe. Her green eyes were wide with anticipation and apprehension.

“I think... “ continued Sarah, “that I might be able to spank her more easily if… if she was not wearing panties. And…” She paused and I raised

an eyebrow. “... and I think that it might be better if we put her panties into her mouth. You know, to stop her from disturbing the other guests?”

Chloe groaned and whimpered, as I smiled to myself. Sarah was a dirty little minx who liked nothing more than to tease my other dolls. It was why I enjoyed including her in these play sessions so much. She had such an exquisitely *filthy* imagination.

“Well, if you think it will help, Miss Marshall,” I said with a smirk.

Sarah clapped her hands together and her face lit up, then she hooked her fingers into the lace waistband of Chloe’s panties and slowly, enticingly, pulled them down Chloe’s long legs.

As her pussy and ass were exposed, Chloe sighed and closed her eyes. Despite her protestations, I knew that Chloe was enjoying this little performance as much as Sarah and myself.

With the delicate black panties in her hand, Sarah skipped around the desk and bent over at the waist, holding the bunched up underwear in front of Chloe’s face. “Open wide…” she purred, smiling down at her prone friend.

Chloe flashed her an acid look and sighed, then parted her painted lips and looked up. Before she could protest, Sarah popped the panties in her mouth and touched her chin lightly, encouraging the redhead to bite down.

“Mmph,” said Chloe, and I wondered what she meant to say. I can’t imagine it was ladylike!

Sarah stepped back around the desk and took up position behind Chloe again. I decided that I really, really want to see this and joined her, taking the seat that Sarah had vacated. The elfin brunette looked at me expectantly, tenderly stroking her hand over Chloe’s bare cheeks. I crossed my legs, relishing the mounting feeling of sexual tension in the room and the sense of power I had in situations like this. My dolls were performing for my pleasure, and their own. It was quite intoxicating to watch. I nodded and flashed Sarah a smile.

Sarah sighed and turned to Chloe. “Ready?” she asked, but didn’t wait for Chloe’s muffled reply or the urgent shake of her head, causing her thick mop of red curls to shake with nervous anticipation. Instead, she began to rub her hand in eager little circles, drawing her fingers down the thin line of Chloe’s ass, brushing the bulge of her labia with a light caress. I sensed Chloe shudder as the other girl touched her pussy. She raised her head and moaned softly.

Without warning, Sarah lifted her hand above her head and paused for an endless second. Chloe's body went tense and she gripped the desk harder than ever. Then Sarah's hand came down in a broad arc, striking Chloe's left cheek just above her thigh with a sharp, cruel slap.

"Mmph!" moaned the redhead urgently, lifting her head in pain.

"Aw, poor baby," purred Sarah and lightly stroked the point of impact, soothing it with her loving caress. I sensed Chloe relax slightly as the pain faded, then Sarah raised her hand again and brought it back down without a single second of pause. There was a sharp crack as the flat of her palm impacted in the same place on Chloe's ass. "Mmph!" Chloe cried again, breathing quickly through her nose.

The redhead's pale skin was burning pink now, an angry shade that betrayed her discomfort.

"More?" said Sarah with a hint of amusement in her voice. She flicked her fingers over Chloe's pussy, a light tickle that caused the redhead to squirm on the desk.

"Mmph!" said Chloe, nodding her head up and down enthusiastically. It never ceased to amaze me how much Chloe enjoyed such degradation and humiliation, how much she craved the pain of punishment. Her slave persona was well earned, and was utterly removed from the spoiled brat that had found her way to me all those months ago. Chloe loved to be used and abused.

Sarah lifted her hand once more and brought it down on the glowing ass before her. Chloe lurched forwards and craned her neck up, screaming into the muffling panties. I saw hot tears spring from her eyes and roll down her burning cheeks. Yet her breathing remained fast and sensual, the short pants of arousal that I knew only too well from my own sessions with her - hot, personal, intimate explorations of domination and submission. As the giver and receiver of pain and pleasure, there was a special bond between us, the unique empathy between mistress and slave.

But tonight, she belonged to Sarah and her cruel hand. I sat back and studied the pair of them together. The tall, regal Chloe with her long legs, full ass and breasts. Alongside her, the much shorter Sarah; petite and delicate with fine features and pert, young breasts. They were quite the contrast, and the size difference between the two girls intrigued me, causing a flush of renewed warmth to spill out from my own pussy and send shivers up and down my spine. Again and again, Sarah's tiny hand struck Chloe's

glowing bottom, each sharp stroke causing screams of pain and moans of pleasure from the redhead. Sarah reached forwards and took a handful of Chloe's hair in her hand, pulling the taller girl's head backwards and holding her steady like a wilful horse.

I shifted on the seat, remembering the object from Sarah's purse. I reached down and fished it from beneath the cushion and held it aloft, sensing where I wanted to take this sordid scene next.

I waited for Sarah to strike Chloe's ass once more. The blow came and Chloe cried out, allowing the panty gag to fall from her mouth. "Ah!" she moaned with a sob.

"I think she's had enough," I breathed and Sarah nodded. Chloe shifted on the desk, preparing to stand. "Stay where you are young lady. I'm not quite finished with you yet."

Sarah glanced at me, while Chloe settled back down on the desk, laying her head down on the rich, mahogany surface.

I lifted the thick, purple dildo up before me and waved it in Sarah's direction.

"I wonder, Miss Marshall, if you would do me the courtesy of showing me what exactly this is used for," I drawled, feigning an ignorance that fooled no-one.

Sarah's face lit up and she clapped her hands. "Oh course!" she squealed with a child-like glee. Sarah sometimes appeared far younger than her years, especially when she was about to fuck or be fucked. It was most disarming and utterly captivating.

She took the dildo as I handed it to her and then returned to stand behind Chloe's ass. Then she squatted down and fell to her knees inches from Chloe's rear. She reached up with the dildo and tapped Chloe's stockinged thighs, then teased the bulbous tip down the back of the redhead's legs. "Open your legs honey," she purred with a surprising amount of command. I found myself experiencing a pang of regret. Sarah enjoyed being in control far too much to be a doll much longer. Pretty soon, she would want her own girls, her own collection and I would be forced to let her go. It had happened before.

But for now, she was mine, utterly and totally.

Chloe sighed and spread her legs apart, shifting her feet to the side until her thin stiletto heels had a shoulder's width between them. I felt my own internal heat step up a notch as the full majesty of Chloe's pussy was

revealed, a complex arrangement of pink folds that glistened in the office's dim light. She was dripping wet, slick with lust and hot with desire. Sarah reached up and teased her fingertips through that inviting geography, wetting her digits and then touching them to her mouth. She shuddered as the intoxicating taste of Chloe overwhelmed her senses.

"W-well, Miss Ross," she breathed. "See, the dildo goes into here," she continued and touched the tip of the thick rod against Chloe's tight hole. Chloe gasped in anticipation and surprise as the cold rubber dong glanced against her sensitive flesh. "Gotta get it nice and wet first," continued Sarah, dragging the purple length through Chloe's lips, coating it in the redhead's juices. "Sometimes, you gotta wet it with your spit," she added, then idly lifted the dildo to her own mouth and pushed it between her lips provocatively.

Chloe took this opportunity to glance back over her shoulder, her eyes narrowed with hunger and her mouth hanging open sensually.

Sarah continued to wet the dildo with her mouth, lazily fellating the thick rod with a sweet innocence that was quite overwhelming. Then she returned the shaft to Chloe pussy and Chloe tensed her body in anticipation.

With a smooth insistence, Sarah pushed the length into Chloe's hole, easing it into the lubricated opening. Chloe moaned and lifted her head, exhaling deeply as the purple rod disappeared into her body. "Oh yes, yes," she breathed.

Sarah reversed her motion and pulled the dildo out again, twisting it around and angling it slightly as it emerged, then she pushed it forwards once more with a degree more force, sinking it deeper into Chloe's body. The redhead moaned louder than before and began to breathe quickly, gripping the edge of the desk on which her body lay.

I shifted in my seat, aware of a hot wetness between my legs. Watching my dolls play together was an almost unmatchable thrill, one that I never tired of. I reached down and lifted my skirt, hitching it up until I reached the lace top of my nylon stockings. Without conscious thought, I slipped my hand between my legs and gently pressed my fingertips onto my pussy, feeling the warmth of my sex through the satin material of my panties.

The elfin brunette began to quicken her pace, driving the dildo home again and again, deeper and deeper, quicker and quicker. Every new thrust penetrated Chloe more than the time before and the redhead responded with ever more frantic moans. Sarah shifted her body, lifting up onto her knees,

then she swapped the dildo into her left hand, never missing a single stroke. With her free hand she stroked Chloe's long leg, drawing her fingernail over the sheer material of the redhead's stocking. Then she caressed her way between Chloe's thighs and found her clit.

Chloe's body arched upwards in jubilation as Sarah's expert manipulation doubled in intensity. She exhaled with every thrust of the dildo into her body, thrashing her body from side to side on the hard desk as Sarah began to swirl her fingers in tight spirals on the redhead's throbbing clit.

My own fingers mirrored Sarah's exploration, slipping around my panties and sinking into my dripping pussy lips. I wasted no time in finding my own clitoris, massaging it with a familiarity that only a woman knows. I was filled with a sudden urge to come, there and then. It was not negotiable, it was something that couldn't be ignored.

Sarah seemed to sense my urgency and began to move her hand faster. The purple dildo became a glistening blur, plunging deeper and deeper into Chloe's pussy. The brunette began to plant hot kisses on Chloe's ass, supplementing the relentless attention of her hand with the gentle softness of her mouth on Chloe's raw skin.

Chloe howled with pleasure, panting with short, sharp gasps. I could see her hands grip the far side of the desk, clutching it until her knuckles turned white.

I felt the first tremors of my building orgasm rising in my midsection as my fingers plucked and pressed on my aching sex. A broiling sea of molten desire, bubbling over with every passing second. I narrowed my eyes and quickened my fingers, focusing on the exquisite sight of these two docile girls fucking on the desk in front of me. My vision collapsed to a narrow tunnel that terminated on the pair and their lithe young bodies - the slender length of Chloe's legs and the sensual curve of her ass; her screams and moans, her thrashing and flailing body; the quick, eager motion of Sarah's hands and mouth, so eager to please, so hungry for fulfillment. Before I could think about resisting, the orgasm crested its containment, exploding outwards from my pussy in a supernova of pure, white light.

I thrashed about in the chair, legs stretching out before me, animated by a tension that gave painful life to every muscle in my body. I felt a furious, raging wave of sensation flood through my body, setting every tortured nerve ending alight with an unstoppable fire.

A spark of my ecstasy flashed across the room to the desk, carried on the wave of my moans and screams. It infiltrated Chloe's psyche, triggering her own spasm of pleasure. Her body lurched as her spine arched up, lifting her body off the desk. Sarah wrapped her arms around Chloe's thighs and buried her face in the redhead's asshole, riding her like a rodeo bull.

Chloe screamed out, uttering a curse that would have turned her snooty mother's hair white.

For endless seconds our mutual orgasms raged, trapping us in our own private worlds of pure pleasure.

Then the madness ceased and we both slumped back; Chloe on the desk, sprawling out, arms limp around her head; and me in the chair, legs kicked out and hair a dishevelled mess.

On the floor beside Chloe's pussy, Sarah sat back on her heels, breathing heavily, her face slick with Chloe's pussy juices.

The three of us fell into a cooling silence, allowing the batteries of our desire to recharge before any of us dared to move again. I found myself staring at Chloe, studying the regal redhead as she dozed on my desk. She was the perfect object, a porcelain possession that belonged to me utterly, a piece of equipment like the other items on my desk: a stapler, an ink pen, a young fuck toy. But she wasn't always like this, wasn't always so docile.

My mind flashed back to the party three months ago, to the very first time I met Chloe, to the time she almost destroyed everything that I had worked so hard to build.

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Chapter 2: Entitlement

Before

The party was a typically lavish affair. Ostensibly a charity ball, but really a paper thin excuse for the rich to flash their wealth among those of a similar ilk, drinking and dancing and engaging in the relentless game of oneupmanship that disgusted me so.

In my former life, as Mrs Jeremy Ross, such parties had been a commonplace event, a necessary trapping of privilege. I suffered them on Jeremy's arm and thin high heels, smiling sweetly, allowing myself to be paraded around like a company asset. But I secretly hated them. The people were awful, the food mediocre and the atmosphere poisonous. After Jeremy's death, I vowed never to subject myself to such subtle torture ever again.

But, yet, some things cannot be avoided, and so I found myself attending a ball thrown by Jeremy's charitable trust. I had considered not attending, sending my regards and apologies, and instead spending the evening watching my pretty dolls fucking each other senseless. But at the last minute, I'd relented, accepting that, as a governor of the trust, it was my responsibility to endure the party. For all Jeremy's faults, the charitable trust he'd set up was a worthy cause and one that I wholeheartedly supported.

So I'd fished out my best cocktail dress and had Beth fix my hair into something vaguely presentable, then I'd taken a car to the lavish mansion that hosted the event.

The party was organized and hosted by Tabitha Phelps, wife of one of the most wealthy businessmen in the state and generous patron of the charity. I hated her, she was a viper in pantyhose, a two-faced sow who spoke sweetly to your face and spat venom behind your back. I knew for a fact that she viewed me in low regard, seeing me as a low class uplift who had married into the Ross fortune. I knew that she suspected me off killing Jeremy, of sleeping around. My only consolation in this awful woman's

continued existence was that she seemed to have not a single clue about the growing harem of docile lesbian slaves that I was accumulating.

“Claudia, I’m sooo glad that you could make it,” wailed Tabitha Phelps as she greeted me in the hallway of her lavish colonial style mansion.

“Tabitha, you look lovely tonight,” I lied without a hint of sincerity in my voice.

We air kissed and she gripped my upper arms, fixing me with a look that was supposed to be matronly and concerned, but which ended up weighted with the disgust and contempt she obviously felt. “Tell me, Claudia, dear heart, are you taking care of yourself, all alone in that huge house of Jeremy’s?” she said without bothering to hide her opinion of me. “You’re looking awfully pale and gaunt,” she added, furrowing her brow.

“I’m keeping fine, thank you Tabitha,” I said, not eager to get into a passive aggressive game with this awful woman. “I love your hair, is that color new?” I added, unable to resist the dig.

Tabitha frowned and snorted through her nose. “Well, anyway. I think you’ll know everyone here. Be sure to say hello to Alastair,” she added, referring to her equally obnoxious husband, then turned on her expensive heel and disappeared into the party with a shrill cry of recognition.

I shrugged my wrap off my shoulders and handed it one of Tabitha’s staff with a pleasant smile. The poor girl looked terribly nervous and barely old enough to drink. *At least she could take refuge from this awful crowd in the kitchen,* I thought to myself.

For the next several hours, I circulated around the privileged mob, pressing flesh with senators and judges, feigning grief as the subject of my late husband was raised time after time. It seemed that virtually everyone thought very highly of Jeremy and considered his loss a terrible, terrible shame for the world. Notwithstanding that most of them had tried, at one time or another, to ruin Jeremy and vice versa. But all of these transgressions seemed to be forgotten. It seems that death was the ultimate leveller, the forgiver of all trespasses, absolver of grudges.

By ten o’clock, I could stand it no longer. My feet were aching and my head was beginning to throb. I excused myself from the group of lawyers and accountants who were chattering enthusiastically about the latest Republican presidential nominee line up, and headed off to find a bathroom.

The Phelps' house was vast and ostentatious, with gaudy, lurid decoration and tasteless trinkets from around the world. Tabitha thought herself the height of style and sophistication, but her home was more like an airport gift shop. I chuckled to myself as I headed up the wide staircase, my mind already thinking about which of my girls I would take into my bed tonight. Perhaps Christa? The tall, blonde lawyer was vivacious and bold, a sexual tigress, but one that was easily tamed. She had a weakness for feet and would be more than happy to massage my aching soles, with her fingers *and* her mouth. Before working her way up my leg... I shuddered at the idea of that eager tongue lapping at my dripping sex and hurried up the stairs with a quickened pace.

I reached the first landing and looked around, unsure which of the many rooms leading off this long corridor was the bathroom. The house was enormous, with more rooms than Tabitha and Alastair could ever use. I sighed and considered returning to the party to ask one of the serving girls to point me in the direction I needed, but realized that I'd never live it down if Tabitha overheard me begging for help to pee!

So I looked around, verified that I was completely alone and headed off down the corridor, trying each door in turn. Room after room in the same pretentious style as the rest of the house, guest bedrooms and studies, each still smelling of packing paper and dust, as though they'd never been occupied by actual people.

I reached the end of the corridor and pushed open a door, barely thinking about what I would find, needing only to pee and take the weight off my throbbing feet. I stepped into the room and blinked, surprised to find this room lit by the low light of a table lamp and several candles.

"Hello, can I help you?" a female voice said, a clipped New England accent with a demanding tone.

I peered around the door and located the owner of the voice. She was reclining on the opulent looking bed in an expensive looking black cocktail dress, her long legs kicked out before her, crossed at the ankle, twinkling silver sandals wrapped around dainty feet. In her hands she held a cellphone, which she was flicking at distractedly in that maddening way that the young had.

"I'm sorry," I said apologetically, "I didn't realize there was anyone in here. I was just looking for a bathroom."

She smiled sweetly and I recognized the girl at once. Her distinctive red hair and gleaming emerald eyes; that long, feminine body with full breasts and wide hips. The girl on the bed was Chloe Phelps-Roper, the niece of Tabitha and Alastair Phelps. We'd met before, but I sensed that she didn't remember me. Small wonder, as she'd been a precocious thirteen year old brat at the time, more concerned with getting her own way than social niceties. I remembered her as a gawky mess, all pigtails and retainers, awkward and clumsy and slightly overweight. But those piercing green eyes and mop of red hair had imprinted on my mind.

I studied the girl. The Chloe that I remembered was all but erased, leaving only the distinctive hair and eyes. The woman in her place was elegant and regal, a fashionably curvy body with perfect skin and a hint of youthful vitality that radiated out into the room. She was quite breathtaking, and I sensed that she knew this only too well.

"Please come in and sit down, let's talk," she said, more a demand than a request. She swung her legs around and sat on the side of the bed, then patted the space next to her.

"I-I really should be getting back," I replied, not wanting to spend a single second longer in Tabitha's house, let alone sit talking about boys and bands with her precocious niece!

Chloe's face hardened with an "I want! I want!" expression that a child would use to demand cotton candy. "Sit, please. I'm bored and lonely up here. Aunt Tabitha's friends are frightful bores," she said.

Well, on that we can agree, I thought to myself and reluctantly stepped into the room, closing the door behind me. I moved to the bed and sat down beside the young redhead, then smiled at her awkwardly. I felt strangely ill at ease. This wasn't my comfort zone, having a young girl demand things from me. It was usually the other way around.

"You're Claudia Ross aren't you?" said Chloe, narrowing her eyes and studying me.

"I… yes, yes I am," surprised that she recognized me. "We met when you were a lot younger," I said.

She looked off into the distance, deep in concentration. "I don't remember. But I do recognize you," she said with a shrug. "Aunt Tabitha talks about you a lot. She doesn't like you much," she added.

I raised my eyebrow, suddenly interested in what Tabitha Phelps found so interesting about me to talk about with her young niece. "Oh really?

What does she say?”

“She says you killed your husband,” said Chloe matter-of-factly. No surprise there then. “And she says you’re an awful slut.”

I should have been shocked, but I wasn’t really. I cared precisely not at all about what Tabitha thought about me. I shifted on the bed and stood to my feet. “I should be going, my car is waiting for me,” I lied, suddenly needing to be away from this strange situation.

A sudden sound caught my attention and I gasped. The creak of a door and a movement behind us. Chloe Phelps-Roper and I both turned as one, the look of angry entitlement melting from the redhead’s face to be replaced by a sly smirk.

On the other side of the room, a door had opened and a warm orange light was spilling out of the bathroom attached to the suite. As I watched, another girl emerged, shuffling quietly with an obvious nervous reluctance. I gasped again. It was one of the serving girls from the party downstairs, I recognized her immediately as the pretty young blonde who had taken my wrap when I first arrived, endless hours ago. But now her functional dress uniform had all but gone, and she stood in the doorway partially naked, wearing only a pair of opaque black hold-up stockings and some dainty, flat ballet pumps.

As I watched, she hung her head as if inviting approval, and crossed her hands over her unkempt pussy, protecting her modesty with the futile gesture.

I turned to Chloe and glared at her. “What is going on here?”

Chloe lifted a finger to her mouth and adopted a sly smile. “Oops,” she purred, “you caught me.”

She shifted on the bed, gathering her legs up and then crawled to the other side. She raised a single, slender, impeccably manicured finger and beckoned the blonde girl over. The serving girl shuffled on the spot for a few seconds, then stepped over to the bed and stood beside Chloe, never once raising her head or looking us in the eye.

“This is Violet,” said Chloe. She reached out and stroked her hand over the blonde’s shapely ass. I felt suddenly very uncomfortable. “She’s one of Aunt Tabitha’s staff, and my playmate when I visit. She has a very talented tongue!” she added with an impish smirk.

Violet’s face flushed red and the faintest hint of a smirk lit up her pretty face.

“Does your aunt know about this?” I asked, wondering what the staunchly conservative Tabitha Phelps would think if she found out that her niece was fucking a woman. I smiled inwardly as I realized that she’d likely be more offended that Chloe was fucking the hired help than another girl.

Chloe laughed to herself and lightly tapped Violet’s ass, causing the girl to flinch and squeal. I found myself wondering whether Violet enjoyed her secretive relationship with Chloe, or whether she simply saw it as an extension of her job, just another room that needed to be cleaned. She looked uncomfortable, certainly, but not unwilling.

“Aunt Tabitha doesn’t know shit. She thinks I’m a pretty little virgin heiress, saving myself like a good Christian. She has no idea how much pussy I’ve had,” the redhead said, the coarse brutality of her words sounding especially sordid with her rich, Bostonian accent. “Tell me, Claudia, have you ever had a woman?” she asked with a sly smile, stroking her hand up and down Violet’s leg.

“T-that’s none of your business,” I said and turned on my heel. “I should be going, my car…”

“Stop!” snapped Chloe as I made for the door. “Where are you going? We’re just getting started!” she said with an entitled tone.

“I’m leaving, right now,” I said, trying to gain control of the situation and sensing it slipping out of my grasp. But it wasn’t the elegant redhead that I was ceding authority to… instead, my own desires were flooding me with waves of temptation. I could sense the familiar feeling of hunger and lust rising up in my body, fueled by the sight of the naked serving girl, so ripe and corruptible, or the challenge of bringing Chloe to heel, breaking her and bending her to my will.

“If you leave, I’ll tell Aunt Tabitha that I caught you fucking Violet. I’ll say I came into my bedroom and found you eating her lower class cunt!” spat Chloe with a petulant snarl. I stopped where I was and turned to face her, glowering at the tall redhead. “*Oh Aunt Tabitha*, I’ll say, *it was terrible! She was wearing my panties and her tongue was in that girl’s special place!*”

Chloe laughed manically, and reached up to grab Violet’s arm. She pulled the younger blonde onto the bed beside her and directed her down on her knees.

“Show Claudia your pussy, Violet, there’s a good girl,” purred Chloe, switching between her spoiled brat and sex kitten personas with a

manipulative skill that I found curiously enticing.

Violet turned around and lowered her head to the bed, lifting her ass in the air and spreading her legs slightly until I could see the complex pink folds of her young pussy.

“You wouldn’t…” I said, feeling genuinely concerned that this entitled brat might do exactly what she threatened.

“I *will*,” she spat. “She’ll believe me as well. She believes everything I tell her. You’ll be finished in this town, just another dyke widower who liked the taste of common pussy!” She was almost hysterical now, not at all in control of the situation, driven by her own sense of entitlement and a history of getting her own way. In her mind, there was no difference between whatever sordid intent she had in mind for me, and getting the latest Gucci handbag or diamond heels. She was Chloe Phelps-Roper, she got what she wanted.

I considered leaving anyway, letting her tell her awful aunt exactly what she wanted. But something held me in place. It was the thought of my dolls, my growing collection of girls. The last thing I wanted was for Tabitha’s loose tongue to invite interest in my life, to provoke the unique interest of the concerned conservative mob. I couldn’t leave, I was trapped by this willful brat and her clumsy threat. Damn.

“Wh-what do you want from me?” I said, feeling a twinge of genuine concern. But for all the resentment and anger I felt towards this bratty redhead, there was something else beneath. The sight of Violet’s pretty pussy on the bed beside Chloe, it’s glistening wetness a hint of obvious arousal. The hungry way that Chloe was studying me, a sexy inexperience in her eager eyes. I found myself wondering just how many women she’d been with. Was she as prolific as she claimed, or were her sapphic adventures limited to just her vacation plaything? For the time being, I decided to play along with her sordid game. “P-please, promise you won’t t-tell your Aunt,” I added, sounding as pathetic as I possibly could.

Chloe’s face lit up and she clapped her hands together. She seemed surprised by my capitulation. “Why don’t you come over here?” she said.

I stepped slowly over to the bed, teasing out every step, never once taking my gaze off Chloe’s gleaming emerald eyes. Then I lowered myself down, sitting on the edge of the bed behind Violet’s naked ass. Chloe shuffled forwards until she was beside me, and she idly caressed Violet’s back. “Do you like her?” she purred.

“I-I suppose,” I stammered with faux reluctance. I *did* like her. I wanted nothing more than to plunge my tongue into that young pussy and devour her wet flesh. But, for now, I was playing the role of reluctant participant, goaded into a situation she wasn’t comfortable with.

Chloe smiled sweetly, like a child with a new toy. “I’ve never been with an older woman before,” sounding like a caricature of a seductress, a simple facsimile of what she expected a dominant to sound like. I realized then that Chloe was playing a role as much as I was. There was a hint of nervousness in her voice, a sense that she was unsure of herself, that she was improvising.

At once, she leaned forwards and kissed me, touching her lips to mine clumsily, like high school sweethearts experimenting in a drive-in theater. I gasped and flinched, shocked by the sudden kiss and the intensity of her presence. She tasted fresh and clean, with full lips that glistened red. She pulled back from me and looked shocked herself, then she leaned forwards again and kissed me properly, sliding her mouth over mine with a hungry energy. I allowed myself to be kissed, didn’t flinch away this time. I opened my mouth slightly, granting her the slight access that her probing tongue demanded. She darted forwards, entering my mouth with her wet advance.

I felt her hands on my shoulders, trembling fingers finding their way to my neck, holding me in place. But I was going nowhere, feeling the familiar warmth of desire building in my midsection. I reached up and plunged my hands into her hair, relishing the soft thickness of her red mane. I wanted so badly to grip her, to take her in hand and dominate her, but I resisted, allowing her this fantasy of control, intrigued by where she was going to take it.

The kiss continued, our tongues dancing together, rolling over each other in the endless pursuit of taste and sensation. Her hands began to roam over my body, down my back, finding my soft thighs. She pushed my legs apart, probing upwards with trembling digits. Once again, I allowed her, granted her this access, needing to feel her youthful touch on my throbbing clit.

Then she pulled back from me, panting and dishevelled. Her face was sultry and wanting, mouth hanging open as her eyes flicked up and down my body. “I want… I want to see you… eat Violet’s pussy,” she stammered, unsure of herself, unable to determine where the limits of her power lay. She wasn’t a natural dominant, her weaknesses were too apparent. When

commanding girls, I knew with glorious experience, you could show no doubt, no uncertainty. When giving orders, you needed to believe what you were commanding without hesitation, or your authority would be weakened.

But I was not there to submit to Chloe, I was there simply to play along, to seek my own enjoyment from these two young girls.

“I-I… I don’t know how…” I lied.

Chloe beamed her amusement, thrilled by my faux-reticence. She lifted herself up on her knees and leaned over Violet’s back, then she gripped the blonde’s ass cheeks and pulled them apart, opening up her pussy and asshole before me. I gasped, and touched a nervous hand to my lips.

“Doesn’t it look good,” purred Chloe, locking her gaze on mine.

I nodded with an eager reluctance that was only half fabricated. It *did* look good.

Violet moaned and shifted on the bed beneath Chloe. The redhead frowned and lightly tapped her ass. “Quiet you!” she scolded and Violet whimpered. She turned back to me and raised her eyebrows expectantly. “What are you waiting for? Do you want me to tell Aunt Tabitha?” she added.

I shook my head, then swept my honey blonde curls to one side and leaned forwards. Inches from Violet’s sex, I was overwhelmed by the scent of her desire, rich and intoxicating, a heady cocktail of youthful vigor and innocence. I wanted nothing more than to plunge forward and sink my tongue into that inviting place. But I held back, maintaining my pretence of reluctance.

Gingerly, I poked my tongue out and screwed up my eyes, then lightly licked at Violet’s labia. I sighed, stifling my lust as the taste of the girl ricocheted around my senses, threatening to overwhelm me. Instead, I pulled back and looked at Chloe, shaking my head.

“Again!” the brat demanded impatiently. “I want to see you eat her like you mean it,” she added.

I nodded and closed my eyes, then leaned forwards, reaching up to grip Violet’s stocking-clad thighs. Then I plunged forwards and locked my mouth on her hot sex, unable resist the temptation any longer. The girl squealed and moaned, attempting to rock forwards away from my hungry mouth but held in place by Chloe.

I began to lap at her, sweeping my hungry tongue along the dripping cleft of her labia, licking at her wet flesh. My probing advance found her clit, a bulging nub that spoke of her obvious arousal. I focused my attention there, drawing that sensitive nexus into my mouth and sucking at it like a practiced whore. She tasted exquisite, innocence and femininity, a stupefying blend of nervous energy and sapphic desire.

I glanced up from my work, peering along the length of Violet's body. Chloe had moved back up the bed and was studying the pair of us with rapt attention. As I watched, she began to wriggle out of her dress, clumsily slipping the tight, black material over her womanly curves. She slipped free and tossed the expensive garment aside without a second thought, then turned her attention to her bra and panties.

I returned my focus to Violet's pussy, and drew broad strokes of my tongue through her moist lips, pressing the flesh of her clit against her pelvic bone, eliciting cries of pleasure and longing from the serving girl. A frisson of nervous excitement filled the room with every sordid moan and pleading cry. Could anyone hear us? What if someone wandered this way looking for the bathroom, as I had? The prospect thrilled me all the more, causing the raging torrent of pleasure in my body to amplify and lurch upwards. I felt alive with lust and driven by instinct, devouring this young girl with endless enthusiasm.

Chloe, by now completely naked, bent her body down and gripped Violet's chin, lifting the other girl's head to face her. Then the pair kissed, a deep and passionate exchange that seemed familiar and knowing. Different to the clumsy advance when the redhead had kissed me, this embrace was intimate and practised. The two girls were no strangers to each other's bodies and I wondered how long Chloe had been enjoying her Aunt's help like this.

Before I could ponder the thought, Chloe fell back on the bed, resting on her back and drawing her legs up and apart. She began to idly toy with her pussy, drawing two slender fingers through her pink lips, massaging and squeezing with knowing familiarity. She began to nibble on her lower lip and fixed Violet with a sultry stare, then lifted her finger and repeated her beckoning action. I sensed that Chloe got what she wanted more frequently than not, who could resist that porcelain face, those regal features? It was a shame that she was so entitled and aware of her own power.

Without hesitation, Violet moved forwards, pulling away from my mouth to find her lover's pussy. She lowered herself down and locked her mouth there, covering Chloe's shock of neatly trimmed, auburn bush with her head. Chloe cried out and threw her head back, mouth hanging open and eyes squeezed tightly shut. Her hands plunged into Violet's short, blonde hair and she pulled the other girl forwards, cementing the bond between them.

I began to feel a little left out, and moved forwards again. This time, I flipped over onto my back and forced my head between Violet's stockinged thighs, then reached up and grabbed her ass, pulling her hips down onto my face. I sensed Violet's body tense as my tongue resumed its work, deeper this time, more intimate. She cried out and caused Chloe to signal her disapproval at the unwanted pause in service.

The three of us fell into a sultry synchronization, a chain of lesbian desire and relentless pleasure. My mouth on Violet's pussy, hers on Chloe's, each eager tongue provoking cries of delight and ecstasy from the girl above. I felt myself give in to desire, a familiar release as my needs took control my actions. I dropped my hand down to the hem of my short dress and pulled it up my thighs with subconscious movements, never shifting the weight of my focus from Violet's pussy. Without thinking, my fingers slipped under my wet panties and found my sex, falling instinctively into a welcome rhythm there. I began to press and knead my fingertips, gripping my moist folds and swirling around my clit in tight, eager spirals. I felt my body lurch, animated by the pleasure that my touch had awakened inside myself. I sensed an urgency, a hot need for release. With my free hand, I coiled my arm around Violet's leg and pulled her downwards, pushing my tongue onto her with ever-intensifying pressure. She squealed and her body spasmed. I felt her legs clench together, locking my head in place.

From somewhere far away, I heard another moan and another sigh as Chloe's young pussy reaped the rewards of my renewed vigor. The chain of desire was formed, a self-sustaining engine of lust, fueled by want and need, building to an inevitable end.

As my mouth worked on Violet, my hands continued their exploration. My legs splayed apart, no longer caring how exposed I was, no longer concerned that my pussy was open for anyone who walked into the room. All that I cared about was the mounting crescendo in my body and the

rising chorus of moans and cries as I led these two young girls in our feminine concerto.

Sure enough, I sensed a presence in my pussy. An insistent nuisance at first. Nothing more than a twinge or a spark, but something that couldn't be ignored. I tried to push back the building sensation, to prolong this moment of ecstasy for as long as I possibly could, but it grew before me until it was looming and urgent. I gave into it with scarcely a whimper, allowing my mind to plunge after the building tempest, causing the pleasure in my body to soar to intolerable levels. I cried out and gripped Violet harder, pressing my tongue on her clit with the last of my will, imparting whatever energy I could to the hot blonde before I was lost to oblivion of release.

I sensed the young body above me go tense, a shuddering spasm that rocked her forwards, temporarily releasing me from the moist constraint of her body. Her spine arched upwards, lifting her body from the bed as her orgasm raged inside her. I pushed my own head back and caught a glimpse of Chloe, legs spread, pink pussy glowing with a hot energy and dripping with her lustful juices. She was caught in the throes of her own orgasm, face locked in a rictus of ecstasy, mouth open and eyes tightly shut, the thin cords on her neck standing out like steel i-beams.

The sight of the climaxing pair was too much for me, and my own raging orgasm broke inside my body. I felt a hot jolt, a deluge of molten pleasure spilling through my body. It swept out from my pussy, igniting my senses and overwhelming my nerve endings. I felt the tension reach my arms and legs, causing me to pull Violet's hips down and burying my face in her pussy once more. She screamed out, but the cry seemed distant and unimportant to me as my mind roared with the unleashed fury of my orgasm. I felt my consciousness collapse, shrinking down to an endless tunnel that was illuminated by the writhing flesh of Violet and Chloe. I felt as though I couldn't take it any more, felt as though my mind would simply be extinguished from the sheer force of sensation.

And then it departed, leaving my body like a passing tornado. All was still. The three of us collapsed to the beds, our animating energy of mutual desire leaving our bodies deflated and limp. Each of us panted heavily and the air was heavily with the scent of lust.

In time, I shifted, looking around to find Chloe and Violet sprawled out on the bed, spent flesh unable to move. I shook my head to clear my thoughts, then stood up, straightening my hair and my expensive dress.

With the back of my hand, I wiped Violet’s wetness from my face, and did what I could with my lipgloss, realizing that I looked a state and the best thing I could do was to leave now and return home immediately.

As I was leaving the room, I glanced back at the bed, drinking in the sight of the two hot bodies dozing there. Naked flesh cooling like the embers of a dying fire. It had been a pleasant fantasy, though I never expected to see either Chloe or Violet ever again.

Well, I was half right, I suppose.

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Chapter 3: Capitulation

Before

After the party, I returned to my life, thinking little more of the sinful encounter with Chloe Phelps-Roper and Violet. It was just another thing that had happened, another notch on my belt. Sexy and intense, but ultimately fleeting.

Instead, I dedicated my focus to an acquisition project that I'd been pursuing. Her name was Madison Drucker, a grad student researcher at the local university. Madison was a borderline genius with model looks and a feminine figure. She seemed destined for great things. But a chance finding about Madison's life had persuaded me that she may be amenable to a tenure position at a very different institute. I'd discovered that Madison posted on internet fetish boards, roleplaying a highly sexualized bimbo archetype, all childish talk and ponderous breasts.

In my usual obsessive way, I'd bought my way into the confidences of the fetish board owner and devised my own profile of Madison based on her browsing habits. As well as the bimbo boards, she also liked to read submissive confessions, especially those in which the sub's owner practised objectification of their playthings. Madison, it seemed, was not comfortable with the over-achiever lifestyle that she'd been gifted.

So I'd struck up a conversation with Madison, playing along with her bimbo persona roleplay, posing as an internet voyeur. Our conversation had spilled out into private messages, sordid exchanges that were insanely erotic and very explicit.

Late on a Tuesday night, about a month after the party at Tabitha's house, I was sitting in my office, alone with my computer. I was about to seal the deal with Madison, about to set in motion the chain of events that would lead to the beautiful genius taking her place on one of my mannequin plinths, becoming my latest toy. Then, out of nowhere, an email arrived and I was forced to put Project: Bimbo Madison on hold for the foreseeable future.

Claudia,

Do you mind if I call you Claudia?

I am in town visiting Aunt Tabitha again. I enjoyed our time together at the party and would like to continue our "conversation". I'll come over to your house at 7pm on Friday night.

Yours,
Chloe Phelps-Roper

PS: My aunt doesn't yet know about what we did together. Though I'm sure she'd be very interested to learn about you.

Oh hell, I thought to myself, *I have a stalker!* And then, after several seconds, exclaimed aloud, "the little bitch."

I sat back in my chair and allowed the weight of implication to settle over me. I could scarcely believe that this little spoiled brat thought herself able to enter my life like this, to hold me to ransom, blackmailing me like a common thug.

My initial disbelief and surprise gave way to a smouldering anger. I considered ignoring her, hoping she went away and got bored, as brats often did when they didn't get the attention they demanded. But the consequences of her threat loomed large on the horizon of my mind. I didn't want my reputation to be destroyed, I didn't want to become the subject of idle tittle-tattle among the concerned housewives of suburbia. I *liked* my privacy, *enjoyed* my secret, sordid life. How *dare* she do this to me?

But gradually, anger gave way to something else. I glanced down at the monitor on my desk, the display terminal for the house security cameras. It was currently configured to view the bedroom where my dolls slept. I panned the camera around, focusing on the large bed in the center of the room. It was dark, but the camera provided night-vision which allowed me to discern four naked bodies, entwined in each other's arms as they slept. Four perfect, nubile, submissive toys - Beth, Sarah, Christa and Mai. They were mine, all mine, to do with as I pleased.

I felt a surge of arousal race through my body, a strong need for satisfaction. The creeping warmth displaced the anger and rage, the sense of violation that Chloe's email had provoked. And slowly, deliberately, I channeled that erotic energy into something else - a plan.

Minutes later, I turned back to my computer and typed a reply to the email:

Whatever you want.
Claudia.

The redhead looked nervous, unsure of herself as I greeted her at the front door of my house. She was wearing a loose floral summer dress with cork wedge sandals and looked the very picture of upper class health and beauty. Her long red hair was gathered in a wide braid at the back of her head, which bounced around her shoulders as she walked. With her hair back, her almond shaped face beamed in isolation, a pale frame for her enormous emerald eyes and full, red lips. She was quite beautiful, and utterly out of her depth.

I greeted her with a smile and invited her in, standing aside and letting her brush past me into my hallway. She looked around with her nose in the air.

"It isn't as bad as Aunt Tabitha had said," she mused distantly, mirroring the condescending passive-aggressive tone of her awful aunt. She turned to me and looked me up and down with hungry eyes. "You look lovely, Claudia dear," she said, again sounding like the perfect clone of Tabitha Phelps.

"Thank you Chloe," I smiled warmly. I'd deliberately dressed provocatively, with a flowing white dress that was low cut around my breasts and almost see-through, providing a tantalising glimpse of the black lingerie I wore beneath it. On my feet, I wore high white heels with a complex strap that wound up my leg, ending below my knee. I'd painted my nails a sensual red, matching my glistening red lips. I presented an image of sexuality that was almost tangible. I *wanted* Chloe to be attracted to me, I *wanted* her to be seduced by me.

“I hope you didn’t think me too forward, emailing you out of the blue like that,” asked the redhead girl, her eyes lingering on the creamy swell of my bosom.

“N-not at all,” I stammered, injecting a note of trepidation into my voice. “D-does your aunt know you’re here?” I asked.

Chloe smiled and seemed to relax. Her initial tension seemed to be eased by my mock-submissive tone. “Don’t worry Claudia, Aunt Tabitha doesn’t know anything. As far as she’s concerned, I’m out shopping for shoes in the Laketown Galleria. Our little secret is quite safe,” she said with a smirk.

“Wh-what little secret Chloe? What do you want from me?” I whined.

Chloe smiled and stepped over to me, standing uncomfortably close to my body and causing me to take a step back against the wall. She closed the gap once more and placed her hand beside my head, resting her warm body against mine. I felt the swell of her breasts brush against mine, the hard nub of her nipples press into my flesh. I gasped, surprised by her boldness, momentarily rocked off my own agenda by the sudden scent of her filling my nose and throat.

“You know what I want Claudia. Don’t deny that you feel the same,” she breathed, inches from my face. “I want to taste that pussy of yours, I want you to taste mine. You left too soon at the party, left me with boring old Violet and her rough snatch. I hadn’t given you permission to leave,” she purred. Her voice was low and sultry, demanding and insistent. This girl was used to getting her own way, no matter what it took.

“I-I’m sorry, I…” I stammered and stepped to the side, away from the wall and out of her grasp.

She looked at me and glared, her eyes smouldering with a fiery anger. “Do you want me to tell my aunt about us?” she demanded with a tiny stamp of her foot.

I looked down at the floor, resisting the temptation to take this petulant brat in hand right now. “N-no,” I whispered.

“Good. Then let’s go upstairs. I’m horny,” she replied with a guileless expression of innocence, a mask for her sordid intent.

I nodded with forced reluctance and turned to the stairs, allowing her to believe that she had me beat.

We reached my bedroom and I stepped aside to allow to enter the room first. It was important that she saw what awaited her with an unobscured view. She brushed past me, trailing her hand over my hip and beaming a filthy smile at me.

Two steps into the room, she slowed, then stopped dead, her eyes flicking around, unable to settle on a single point. “What. The. Fuck,” she asked rhetorically.

I stepped into the room behind her and gently closed the door, allowing her to drink in every detail of the large bedroom. The room was dominated by my extravagant four-poster bed, a lavish piece that Jeremy had insisted on, but which I found tasteless and gauche. It would do for the purposes of today’s little exercise though.

At the foot of the bed, about six feet from where we stood, were my four girls - Christa, Mai, Beth and Sarah. Each girl was kneeling on the floor, completely naked but for a thick leather collar around her neck with a delicate silver buckle on the front, and a blindfold. They each had their arms folded behind their backs, pushing their breasts forward provocatively; each girl’s hair had been tied back in a tight ponytail. I didn’t often indulge in the darker imagery of bondage, preferring my domination to be psychological and elegant rather than brutal and industrial. But there was something about the sight of the four kneeling girls that caused a shudder of desire to ripple up and down my body.

Chloe’s gaze flicked between my dolls then landed on the bed behind them. On the bed was a neat array of implements and objects, a collection of perverse tools and trappings that could have only one intent. There was a flogger - a stark leather bound handle with a trailing mane of thin leather cords. There was a riding crop, a strap-on dildo that seemed impossibly large and unhealthily thick. There was a collection of five leather leashes, each with a silver clip on one end, the obvious complement to the leather collars that the girls wore. Finally, there was a single unused collar, sitting alone at the front of the bed, drawing the eye with its implied importance.

“What the fuck is this Claudia?” spat Chloe, spinning around to face me. “I knew you were a dyke slut, but I didn’t know you were a pervert!” she added, a look of furious anger on her pretty face. In an instant, she had gained the expression of a child that had been told she wouldn’t be going to Disney World after all.

I smiled and brushed past her, mimicking her earlier action and trailing my hand across her ass. I walked over to the bed and perched on the edge, reaching over and cupping a palm to Beth's cheek. The brunette sighed and leaned into my touch like a docile pet.

"Aunt Tabitha is going to hear all about this, let me tell you that!" Chloe snarled.

Standing by the door of the room, arms crossed, she seemed alone and isolated, raging in her own private fury, a stark contrast to the placid calm of the four kneeling girls. I decided to play my hand.

"Stop talking Chloe!" I snapped, not allowing a single note of doubt to enter my voice.

Chloe gasped and her mouth slammed shut. "What did you say?" she breathed, her eyes narrowing.

"I said stop talking! You're in my house now, you'll do exactly what I say!"

She fell silent, a look of confusion settling on her pale face. This wasn't how it was supposed to happen, her eyes said, *I* am supposed to be giving the orders!

"That's better. Now straighten your back up and listen to what I have to say," I said calmly.

She stood up reluctantly from her hunched position, unfolding her arms and lowering her hands to her side. This was proving easier than I'd imagined.

"I've been learning about you Chloe," I began, aware that this moment was critical. "You're nineteen, the youngest daughter of five siblings. Your brothers and sisters are considerably older than you, and each highly successful in their own field. Leaders of industry, politicians, respected scientists. And then there's you," I paused for a second.

Chloe shuffled uncomfortably on the spot, shifting her weight from foot to foot. Her emerald eyes glistening with the hot tears that were building there.

"You were always clever, but not brilliant. You seemed almost afraid to succeed, not a natural leader. You preferred to use your wealth to get what you wanted, rather than your talents. You never went to college, have taken a minor role in your family business, a role with no responsibility or consequences. You seem content to be led, to be told what to do."

She hung her head and sobbed. The truth was always difficult to hear.

“I tracked down Violet, your vacation plaything. She is quite talkative, once you get to know her, and quite an attentive lover, if I may say so,” I purred, stepping behind Chloe, stroking a tender fingertip across her bare shoulders. She shuddered and sobbed again. “Violet told me about how you like to have her dominate you, how you make her spank you, how you like to reverse your positions, taking the role of hooker, or maid, or simple peasant girl; elaborate role play sessions where all the power and responsibility of privilege is gone from your shoulders.”

“No,” she whimpered, staring down at the floor. “It’s not true, that bitch lied!”

Her fire had returned once more and she stepped away from me towards the door. “I don’t know what’s happening here, you crazy bitch! I don’t know who those four whores are,” she swept her arm across the line of kneeling girls beside the bed. “But I know that you’re finished in this town! Everyone will know about you and what you do here, how you lured me to your house, how you tried to do th-that to me!” She pointed at the bed with its cargo of erotic paraphernalia.

“Do you think that your threats have any power over me? Do you think that your aunt and her ridiculous friends can affect my life in the slightest bit? I have everything I want, and nothing can take that away from me, least of all a pathetic little fuck toy like you.”

She sobbed and stepped to the door, resting her hand on the ornate brass handle. This was it, the moment of truth.

“You may leave, Chloe,” I said, sitting down on the side of the bed and crossing my legs before me. “But I don’t think you will.”

She paused and lowered her head, still gripping the door handle.

“I think you’ll stay. And when I tell you to take off your clothes and kneel before me in a few minutes, you’ll do exactly as I tell you. You’ll beg me for a taste of my pussy. You’ll beg me to spank you and punish you for all the bad things you’ve done. And then, when I’ve fucked you with my plastic cock, you’ll beg me again. But this time, you’ll beg me for something else…”

She sobbed and whimpered. “Wh-what…?” she breathed, barely a whisper.

“You’ll beg me to let you stay, to become part of my collection. You’ll beg to be my doll, to allow yourself to be used by me whenever I need to. Because isn’t that what you really want? To be free of the grotesque weight

of expectation that your family places on you? The intolerable pressure to be as successful as your brothers and sisters? Isn't what I offer the thing you've always dreamed of?"

The room fell into a heavy silence, not a single sound breaking the palpable tension. Then Chloe turned and whispered something.

"I can't hear you," I said, knowing exactly what she had uttered but needing to hear it properly.

"Yes. I said yes."

A wave of relief washed over me and I allowed myself to relax. This elaborate routine had been necessary to shock Chloe out of her default state. Now, I needed to cement my authority.

"Christa, Beth, bring Chloe over here and undress her," I commanded, clapping my hands together.

The tall blonde and the short brunette stood quickly, pausing only to remove the blindfolds from their pretty faces. They hurried over to where Chloe stood by the door, then each took her arm, guiding her tenderly across the room to where I sat. Chloe capitulated without a word of complaint or resistance, allowing herself to be led. The fire that had burned behind her eyes was gone now, replaced by something else - excitement?

Christa and Beth began to undress the redhead, starting with the strap of her flowing summer dress, untying the knot at her neck and allowing the pretty garment to fall down Chloe's body. Christa bent down and collected the dress, nudging Chloe to have her step out of the discarded clothing. The tall blonde then folded the dress neatly and placed it over the back of the chaise longue by the window. Meanwhile, Beth skillfully flicked Chloe's bra clasp open and tenderly stroked the straps off her shoulders. Chloe gasped as Beth touched her, shuddering noticeably as a rash of gooseflesh erupted on her skin.

Then Beth squatted down behind Chloe and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of Chloe's white lace panties, teasing them down her long legs and revealing the full majesty of her womanhood to me.

It was my turn to gasp, drinking in the exquisite body before me. Chloe's skin was pale and regal, unblemished porcelain perfection that was soft and youthful. Her breasts were large and full, with pink nipples that had hardened to taut buds. Between her legs, a cultivated patch of red hair bloomed up from the neat line of her labia, attracting the eye like an auburn beacon.

“Turn her around,” I said, relaxing back on the bed. A doll’s initiation was always my favourite part. The ritual was different for every girl, a personalized scenario tailored to the individual girl. But they all shared one thing in common - a formalized transfer of power, a submission, a capitulation of authority. A voluntary acceptance of my ownership. I’m sure that no court of law in the land would have recognized such rights, but there were higher courts than those of society, and the contracts formed in these sordid negotiations were stronger than any legal document.

Christa gripped Chloe’s shoulders and gently turned her on the spot. Chloe allowed herself to be moved, staring resolutely down at the floor. As I studied her curvy, perfect ass, I wondered what she must be thinking, how the revelations were affecting her.

“Delightful,” I said to no-one in particular. “Now turn around, and kneel down.”

Chloe turned without hesitation and lowered herself to her knees. Her posture was loose and her back hunched.

“Thank you girls, return to your positions,” I said, flashing a smile at Christa and Beth. The two girls nodded and stepped back to the end of the bed, replacing their blindfolds and kneeling beside their other dolls. I turned back to Chloe. “Come forwards, I won’t bite,” I lied.

Chloe shuffled forwards on her knees until she was positioned inches from my legs. She gazed up at me with large, docile eyes, awaiting my next command.

I smiled again and reached down to my side, retrieving the thick, leather collar from the bed beside me. “Now, I want you to lift your hair while I put this on you.”

She flinched and whimpered, looking suddenly doubtful and scared.

“When you take my collar, you are mine. Do you understand that?” I asked, leaning my head to one side. “You are mine to do with as I please, my slave. Is that clear?”

She thought for a second, then nodded, lifting her arms to her hair and sweeping the long braid aside. She leaned her head and presented her neck to me.

“Good girl.”

I bent forwards and snaked the collar around her neck, fastening the buckle and rotating it so that the silver ring was towards the front. Then I hooked a single finger in the silver ring and tugged her towards me.

She squealed in surprise and stumbled forwards, lifting herself up on her knees and resting her hands on my thighs. I lowered my head until we were inches apart. I could feel her hot breath on my face, a quick exhale that was brimming with fear and excitement. I flicked my tongue across her lips, tasting the sticky gloss of her lips, she sighed and closed her eyes.

“Now then,” I said, lifting my hand to her chin and forcing her to look at me. “We need to take care of business before we can get down to pleasure, don’t you think?” I wasn’t normally so dominating with my girls, I didn’t need to be, but I found myself relishing the power I had over this spoiled girl. “You have behaved like a spoiled brat, and you must be punished,” I purred, savoring the expression on her face.

“Y-yes,” she stammered. Then added, “mistress.”

I smiled down at her. “Good girl. You learn fast. But you still did a very bad thing. Trying to threaten me like that. Do you know what bad girls get?”

“A… a s-spanking?” she whispered.

I smiled and released her, allowing her sit back on her heels. After a small pause, I pushed my bottom back on the bed, never breaking eye contact with the cowering girl. How different she seemed now, stripped of her entitled notions of superiority. She seemed docile and placid, rocked by my candid revelations and the speed of her submission. I wondered how much of the brat still existed within her, aching to surface and demand whatever it was she wanted. I wondered how she would fit into my little community, how she would socialize with the other girls. All of my dolls were equals, slaves to my whims with no favorites of any consequence. This willful girl would need to accept that.

But, first things first. I patted my knee and smiled at her, indicating that I wanted her to lie across my lap. She sighed and crawled forwards, then stood, swaying on her cork wedged sandals as she shook her hair, adjusting the collar around her neck. Though it was not tight, she looked troubled by its presence. Her kind were not used to such outward displays of submission, and I wondered if the concept of the collar was more discomforting to her than the physical act of wearing it.

I realized, at that moment, that Chloe would be *the slave*, kept in that degrading role to remind her of her new place, to prevent her base instincts from exerting their authority.

The redhead sighed again and bent over at the waist, lowering her body down over my knees until her hands rested palm-down on the floor to my left. She lowered her head and waited.

I touched my hand lightly to her bottom, enjoying the soft firmness of her youthful flesh. She gasped as I touched her, and sighed as I teased my fingernail down the line of her ass to the pink bulge of her pussy.

“What are you Chloe?” I asked sternly, reaching down and grabbing her braided hair, yanking her head upwards.

She cried out in shock rather than pain. “A-a bad girl, mistress, I’m a bad girl,” she said.

“And what is it that you need?”

She thought for a second. “I need to be punished, mistress,” she cried.

“Why?”

“To m-make me a good girl, mistress,” she said and I yanked her head back harder causing her to yelp.

“I want you to beg me to make you a good girl Chloe, beg your mistress for the spanking you deserve.” I moved my hand around her bottom, teasing her with my gentle caress.

“Oh please mistress, please punish me. I’ve been very, very bad and I need to be punished! Please mistress, I want to be a good girl, I want to be *your* good girl,” she moaned. There was a hot urgency in her voice, a need for something that went far deeper than the plain facts of this elaborate scene. I truly believed that she wanted, *needed* to be punished.

I reached between her legs with rough insistence and plunged my fingers into her pussy, finding a slippery mess of hot flesh there. She moaned as I touched her, squirming under my touch. Her right foot lifted off the floor, toes curled with sensual tension.

I returned my hand to her ass and gripped her hair tightly. I felt her body go tense, knowing what to expect. Then I lifted my hand and brought it down on her meaty cheek in a single motion, not even pausing.

Thwack! The slap landed on her flesh and the sound reverberated around the room. The girls at the end of the bed all gasped in unison, but otherwise didn’t flinch. They were well trained, and no strangers to the punishments that were sometimes necessary in the house.

“Th-thank you, mistress,” breathed Chloe, shaking with the force of the blow and the super-charged sexual energy in the room.

I lightly teased her bottom, making light scratches on the tender skin with my fingernails. She shuddered and sighed. Then I lifted my hand again and struck her once more, harder this time, with more force.

Thwack! came the slap, then milliseconds later Chloe's cry of pain. "Ah!" she screamed, lifting her head back.

"Th-thank you, mistress," she sobbed again and I believed she meant it. There was a subtle lilt to her voice, an expression of something deeper. Pain, yes, most certainly, but something else, a deep seated need to be here, in this position.

I stroked her ass, soothing the pink flesh with my palm until I was sure that she was ready. Then I lifted my hand and paused. Chloe's body went rigid, her feet raised up on tiptoes and she inhaled deeply. I held my hand there for endless seconds, enjoying the feeling of power and control, the tension in Chloe's body, the rising core of warmth in my own pussy. Then I swung my hand in a wide arc, striking the redhead's firm, pink ass on the same place as before. She screamed out as the blow landed, then I lifted my hand without waiting and struck her again, and again, and a fourth time. Each time, the sharp *thwack!* echoed around the room, each time Chloe's body jolted forward, a desperate attempt to escape the pain and discomfort, each time she cried out, tears spilling down her cheeks.

As the barrage of blows subsided, her body collapsed on my lap, her arms unable to take her weight anymore. She was shaking, breathing heavily and sobbing lightly.

"Th-thank you, mistress," she whispered, barely audible in the silent room.

I grabbed her ponytail and pulled her back, feeling the energy of control and dominance flowing through my body. She yelped and lifted her hands, allowing herself to be dragged to the floor on her knees.

I stood towering over the diminished girl as she cowered at my feet, cheeks streaky with tears and glowing with desire and shame. Then I reached down and lifted my dress, pulling the flowing white fabric up over my waist. I held it there with one hand, and with the other, wrestled my panties down my legs, kicking them to one side with a skillful kick of my heel. Then I turned to her, animated by a furious energy that I had seldom experienced before. I felt unbearably powerful and supremely in control. I wanted to fuck this spoiled bitch until she begged me to stop.

She peered up at me, eyes locked on my pussy, panting heavily.

“Beg for it,” I snarled, nearly breathless myself. I lifted my leg and rested my foot on the side of the bed so that my sex was exposed and visible. I wanted her to see how wet I was, I wanted her to crave the hot taste of me.

“Please, mistress…” she began, her voice low and timid.

“Louder!” I spat, reaching down and grabbing her hair, pulling her up to her knees so that her face was inches from what she wanted.

“Please, mistress,” she said, more insistent this time, nearly shouting, “please, mistress, may I eat your pussy?”

I could hold it in no longer and fell back on the bed, still clutching her hair. She was dragged along with me, jumping up to kneel beside me on the mattress, hungry eyes prowling over my body.

I shifted around, swinging a foot over her so that she was positioned between my legs. Then, without allowing a single second for her to catch her breath, I pulled her head down onto me, locking her mouth in place on my dripping pussy.

She attacked me with vigor and furious purpose, knowing exactly what she wanted and how to get it. Her tongue plunged between my lips, snaking around without focus or direction. She seemed possessed by a need that couldn’t be fulfilled, driven by instinct and desire and raw, feminine lust. She pushed forwards, gathering her body until she was pushed up against me. Her arms coiled around my legs with serpentine grace, pushing my knees back and lifting my hips off the bed. All the while, her hungry mouth did its work; probing, lapping, licking, sucking, biting.

I howled out loud as wave after wave of electric pleasure roared through my body. She was unstoppable, relentless, an exquisite force of sapphic energy, focused on only one thing: me.

I lifted my arms, hooking them around my knees, holding my legs back to free up Chloe’s hand. She reacted instantly, dropping her arms, snaking one of them up my body to roughly grab at my breast, kneading the soft orb insistently. With the other, she plunged her fingers into my pussy hole. First one, then two, then three, each addition stretching my opening with maddening effect.

I began to thrash about on the bed, unable to handle the wild sensations that were flowing through me. The roughness of her hand on my breast, the feeling of being entered endlessly, the slick piston on her arm

pounding me mercilessly.And the relentless action of her tongue, finally finding its focus on my throbbing clitoris.

I pushed my head back and wailed, opening my eyes briefly to find my dolls had left their kneeling positions and were frantically fucking on the floor behind me. Christa's head was buried in Mai's pussy; Sarah was squatting over Beth's head, her own face an expression of pure ecstasy as the shy intern devoured her pussy from below.

The scene of sexual release caused an earthquake in my body, primed by the intense action of Chloe's mouth and detonated by the writhing, entwined bodies behind me. I shifted my hands and grabbed Chloe's head, locking her in place, pulling her down onto myself. I began to grind my hips up with a rhythmic roll, smearing my dripping pussy against the redhead's face, using her mouth, her chin, her nose to stimulate me yet further.

The girl tried to keep up, matching her licks with the beat of my body as I rode her face. She cried out, overwhelmed by the feeling of being used. And this made me ride her harder, dragging her across my pussy, pressing her down on my clit with furious energy until the looming spectre of my orgasm made itself known.

From behind me, someone cried out, a voice I recognized but couldn't place. Was it Sarah? Coming on Beth's sweet face? Was it Christa? Beth? Mai? It didn't matter, they were all one and the same. One doll's pleasure was shared by all, and they'd all be satisfied in time.

My attention returned to my own frantic crescendo, pushed back momentarily by the orgasmic screams behind me, but now raging hard and building fast. I tried to push it away, tried to maintain my focus, but it was no good. A switch flicked in my body, turning off the circuits that provided self-control. At once, every mechanism and component of my entire being was overwhelmed by the raging inferno of the orgasm as it broke inside me. A furious wind of pure sexual energy roared out from my pussy, overloading my nerves and flooding my mind with wave after wave of pure pleasure.

I heard myself scream out, begging Chloe to stop, imploring her to continue. But my voice felt distant and faint, belonging to somewhere else. My consciousness felt trapped in the eye of the hurricane, locked within this whirling maelstrom of lust. I pulled at Chloe's head, dragging her deeper onto me, smothering her with my sex. She fought against me, shaking her

shoulders and pulling back, but her strength was no match for the enormous tension that animated my muscles.

And then the switch was reversed and the raging energy left my body. I sighed as I felt myself deflate, skin slick with perspiration, my dress a dishevelled mess.

Chloe sat back and wiped a curly lock of red hair off her dripping forehead, her mouth and nose glistening with the wetness of my desire. She rested back on her heels, then without thinking, crossed her arms behind her back and studied me with a curious expression that I'd seen before. Adoration and capitulation.

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Epilogue

Before

I lead Chloe downstairs to the viewing room. She was wearing her collar, as she would most of the time from now on, and her hair was down around her shoulders. I'd attached one of the leather leashes to the silver ring at her neck and she walked silently several paces behind me. There was a look of docile acceptance and contentment on her face.

Earlier in the day, she'd called her Aunt Tabitha and told her that she was taking an unexpected trip to Bali with a boy she'd met. She'd assured her that the boy was from a good family, and that they wanted to catch a polo tournament together. Tabitha had reluctantly accept her willful niece's story and agreed to tell her parents where she was. But Chloe's situation was very different to anything that her awful aunt could ever imagine.

The other girls were already in position, posing on their plinths like roman statues. Beth, my first, with her sweet expression and gentle innocence; Mai, the maid, a sexual servant who was meant to please; Christa, the vamp, resplendent in black stockings and sharp heels, bright lipstick and dark eyes; and Sarah, the virgin, head bowed, wearing a lacy white negligee with sheer, white stockings and flat shoes.

Each girl stood in a different pose, each stance reflecting their position and nature.

As I lead Chloe through the room, her eyes flicked between the other girls. There was a curiosity there, a hungry need. But also a confusion. She didn't yet appreciate what she'd stumbled into, what she was now a part of.

At once, she saw the empty plinth and pulled back on the leash. The plinth was onyx black and eighteen inches tall, a wide cylinder that beckoned us towards it.

"No, I can't, I'm…" she stuttered and I looked at her. Her expression faltered as she realized that she could, and that it was what she'd always wanted. She lowered her hands from the leash and bowed her head. All trace of the brat that I'd met all those weeks ago was gone, at least for now.

I lead her onwards and stopped beside the empty plinth, lifting her leash until she stepped up onto the ebony cylinder. She turned on the spot and looked around, studying the other girls.

I reached up and handed her the leash. She gripped it in both hands, holding it out in front of her in a gesture of submissive offering, then she bowed her head and lowered her eyes, freezing in place. My collected, collared, slave-girl brat.

THE END

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Collecting Christa, Curious Lawyer

by Ella Ford

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Chapter 1: Sharing

Now

Sometimes, I like to share my collection. I was raised right - in this regard at least - and I believe that some things are best enjoyed with another person. I'm not one of these collectors who keeps her pieces in a darkened attic, only taking them out once in awhile to gingerly touch and caress them before putting them away until the next full moon.

My collection of living dolls exists for my enjoyment and satisfaction, so it wouldn't make sense to hide them away. Whenever possible, I like to show them off, to offer them around. Oh, don't get me wrong, my intentions are not entirely honorable. I derive an enormous amount of satisfaction from watching my girls fuck an outsider, seeing them expertly seduce an unsuspecting visitor, introducing her to the intense world of pleasure that I have constructed. Watching her leave my home bewildered and dazed, the cooling glow of climax still lighting her pretty face.

Do I worry that my guests will cause trouble for me? That they'll return to their lives and tell of Claudia's Ross's docile harem of female sexual servants? It is a risk, certainly, but one that is worth taking. Because more often than not, my visitors return home to conservative lives in small-minded communities, the kind of places that have pitchforks on standby at all times, and are never more than one wild-eyed accusation from forming a village mob. If the upstanding wives and mothers of such a community heard stories of pussy licking and erotic love between women, their frothing vendetta would start far closer to home than my remote mansion.

So, they keep quiet, for the most part. And those that don't… well, let's just say that I haven't been troubled too much by their loose lips.

But for all the intense gratification I derive from throwing a straight, inexperienced amateur into my boiling pool of lesbian desire, there is another reason I take such a daring risk.

Sometimes - rarely but with enough frequency to make it worthwhile - I chance upon a new piece to add to my collection. An unexpected finding,

like stumbling on a complete set of Beatles records in a musty basement, or a previously unknown Dali sketch at a garage sale. With some girls, there is a palpable click when they learn the truth of my life, when they see the wide-eyed contentment on the faces of my dolls, the hungry look of desire as they appraise my latest offering. Their resistance and reluctance fades in an instant, giving way to need, lust, longing. I can tell in an instant which girls want to belong to me, I rarely need to ask.

Of course, some girls leave no room for doubt…

"Tell me a little bit about yourself," I asked, taking a sip of my tea. "Charlotte, was it?"

"Y-yes, Miss Ross. Charlotte Monroe," she said, pressing her hands into her lap on the sofa across from me. She hadn't touched the tea I'd made her, and was staring intently at the floor between us. "I'm twenty years old, a biochemistry major at Midtown U. From Maine originally, but my parents moved to Virginia when I was little."

She spoke with a homely twang, drawn out words and sing-song phrasing. It was quite adorable. But despite her rural tone, there was a fierce intelligence in her eyes, a calm intensity that belied her girlish appearance. She was wearing a simple outfit - a powder pink hoodie and tight, white t-shirt pulled taut over full breasts; blue jeans with white sneakers. The classic all-american girl, with strawberry blonde hair, pulled up into a casual mess at the back of her head, and deep, blue eyes.

"Biochemistry?" I asked with a raised eyebrow. "You must be quite smart."

She blushed and lowered her head, obviously feeling very uncomfortable talking about herself. "I-I like science," she said, "it makes sense to me. You know? Rules, order?"

"You like to follow rules?" I asked.

"Yes ma'am," she said.

I leaned to the side and reached over to the coffee table, then picked up a single sheet of paper with a paragraph of printed text on it.

"Tell me about this… your Craigslist ad," I said, holding the piece of paper out to her.

The soft pink of her cheeks turned an angry red as her self-conscious torture continued. She exhaled deeply and her eyes darted from place to place as she fought her obvious urge to get up and leave.

"Shall I read it out to you?" I asked rhetorically. "*Curious coed first timer seeks discreet older woman to take her in hand.*"

Charlotte winced as I read each of her words.

"Th-this was… this was a mistake," she breathed, moving to stand.

"Stay where you are," I said, adopting my *I-won't-tell-you-twice* voice that worked so well with my other girls. Charlotte froze instantly and straightened her back, blinking in surprise. "Why did you come here today?" I asked, lowering my tone to that of a friendly aunt.

She sighed again and flicked her eyes in the direction of the piece of paper resting on my lap.

"I can't hear you," I said calmly.

"Because of the ad! I came because I want what it says!" she snapped.

"You want an older woman to take you in hand?" I asked with a raised eyebrow, sitting back in the seat and crossing my legs, the soft swish of my nylon pantyhose cutting through the tension in the air as my thighs brushed together.

"Y-yes."

"And you've never been with another woman?"

"N-no."

"How do you know that's what you want?"

"I just… I just know," she breathed. I sympathized. The very first time I'd seen Beth sitting in that crowded Vegas bar, I'd wanted the same thing.

"Why not just go to a club, meet someone, like other people do?" I asked, genuinely interested and sensing a deeper need in this nervous young girl.

"It's hard to explain, you wouldn't understand," she said, glancing off to the side.

"You might be surprised," I said with a friendly smile. "Tell me why you want an older woman to take you in hand."

She paused and thought for several seconds, her brow furrowed and her eyes alive with concentration as she attempted to articulate herself.

"I guess… I guess I want to be something different to what's expected of me, you know?" She looked up and fixed me with an intense stare, and I knew instantly what she was talking about.

“Different to intelligent, responsible, successful… independent?” I asked, well aware that I was leading her thought.

“Y-yes,” she whispered and lowered her eyes. “Everyone says I need to be the best I can be, carve my own path, show the world how awesome I am. Everyone says I should embrace responsibility, take control, do exactly what I want to do.”

“But you don’t want that?” I asked, suddenly picturing this cute, intelligent girl posing on a cylindrical black plinth, completely naked but for a pair of precariously high heels.

“No,” she answered firmly. “I want to belong, to follow, to obey. All the things that women are not supposed to want, I want. Am I broken?” she asked, turning to face me with a look of sadness on her pretty face.

I lifted my cup and took a sip of my tea, studying her, wondering how I’d got so lucky as to have this opportunity gifted to me.

“I have something to show you,” I said and clicked my fingers together with a sharp snap. Charlotte flinched and looked confused.

Seconds later, the large double doors to the sitting room swung open, and three of my girls stepped through the entrance in single file. Christa, Chloe and Beth.

For this performance, I’d dressed them identically. Each girl was naked but for a pair of sheer, black, thigh-high stockings and tall black stiletto heels. Each girl’s hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail and braided into a complex rope that fell vertically down her spine. Their faces were plastered in exaggerated make-up, sexy and vampish, with dark eyes and lips and glowing cheeks. They were three avatars of desire, each one as erotic and enticing as the last.

With long strides, they walked to the center of the room, sharp heels clicking on the wooden floor. Then they positioned themselves in a perfect row, standing with their feet a shoulder’s width apart, their arms cross behind their backs and their heads bowed and lowered.

I turned to look at Charlotte, studying her face for signs of a reaction. How much did she want what she claimed? I have to confess that I was improvising now, not entirely sure what was going to happen. I never intended this to be a *collection*. I thought that the writer of the Craigslist ad would be some curious college tramp, looking for a story to add to her growing biography of sexual conquest. I thought she’d be a pleasing diversion for an evening, a pleasant young pussy to throw to my girls and

use myself, if I felt so inclined. But it was obvious from the outset that Charlotte was not a decadent pleasure seeker, that her needs aligned so perfectly with what I offered. Could I have found a previously unknown Dali sketch entirely by accident?

The blonde student gasped sharply and blinked, studying the three submissive girls before us. She seemed unable to speak, her mouth hanging open with shocked bewilderment.

“What you want is not uncommon,” I said, breaking the tense silence. I uncrossed my legs and stood, stepping slowly over to stand beside Chloe, the high-class redhead princess who I’d recently acquired. “These three girls belong to me, I own them in every meaningful way.”

Charlotte exhaled deeply. “I-I don’t understand,” she said.

I smiled warmly at her and lazily traced a single finger across Chloe’s chest, lightly brushing the hard nub of her nipple. The redhead shuddered and sighed. “There’s plenty of time for understanding later,” I added. “But first you have an important decision to make. How much do want what you said? Was your ad a rash indulgence, a flirtation with a whim? Or was it something deeper, something more profound and meaningful?”

She turned to say something and I lifted my hand, causing her head to snap back around and her mouth to close.

“If this is a joke to you, a dare, a passing fancy, then I think we’re done here. I’ll call you a taxi, you can go back to your dorm and your books, return to your life and thank your lucky stars that you avoided falling into the clutches of the strange older lady in the big house.” I paused, allowing her to consider my words. “But if you truly want this, if you wish more than anything else to cast off the cape of responsibility that holds you in place and embrace a life that goes against everything you’ve been conditioned to want, then I require only one thing of you - take my hand.”

I held out my hand, offering her my upturned palm. She looked at it as though I was presenting her with a spitting cobra or a red-hot poker. She turned away and faced the door, blinking madly, brow furrowed in furious concentration. I sensed that this had escalated far beyond what she had expected, that the reality of my life was considerably more shocking to her than I knew. She sighed and her shoulders slumped. I sensed an internal consensus had been reached, the result of a calculation that I could barely comprehend. What did it mean to willingly surrender your life and your freedom?

I glanced away from the nervous college girl on the sofa to my three submissive slaves. Beth and Chloe remained expressionless and blank, gazing at the floor calmly. But Christa had raised her eyes slightly, almost imperceptibly, and was gazing at Charlotte. As I watched, a sly smirk appeared on her face, lighting her eyes with a hungry longing that I knew only too well. It seemed that my curious lawyer had plans of her own.

My thoughts of punishment or scolding were suddenly swept away as Charlotte mumbled something quietly, barely whispering beneath her breath. I turned to face her once more.

“Speak up girl,” I snapped.

“I said… I want it…” she repeated, louder this time, lifting her eyes to stare directly at me. Without another word, she stood and stepped over to me, then placed her shaking hand into mine.

I led the trembling girl out of the living room and up the stairs. Her hand was damp and clammy, the tense excitement in her body manifesting as a pronounced shake in her fingers. Her breath was quick and shallow and I feared that she was seconds away from pulling out of my grip. I tightened my hold on her and tugged her gently, which caused her to stumble then recover to match my stride.

Charlotte was shorter than me, a difference pronounced by my stiletto heels which added four inches to my height. I felt like a school teacher, leading an unruly pupil to a harsh punishment. The thought thrilled me and I quickened my pace.

Behind us, Christa, Beth and Chloe walked quietly behind us, their heads bowed. I knew that each girl was inwardly hoping that she would be the one to deflower this pretty virgin, that it would be her tongue to find its way between her long legs to that sweet, innocent pussy.

We reached the second floor landing and I stepped briskly across to my bedroom, throwing the door open and walking into the dimly lit room. I tugged Charlotte along behind me, then released her hand in the center of the room, leaving her standing alone at the end of the bed. She looked bewildered and nervous, a bristling and palpable sense of excitement and fear animating her young face.

I turned to face her and sat down in the window seat, crossing my legs and settling down to enjoy the steamy show that was about to unfold. Not for the first time, I suppressed a shudder as the reality of my life dawned on me anew. I was not born to this, did not have the privilege of birth that many others enjoyed. I was not naturally sexual or dominant and had lived my life in the shadow of my late husband before my curious awakening. Yet, here I was, exceptionally wealthy, a lesbian mistress with a harem of willing slave girls. I held this young, pretty girl's future in my hands, could mould her how I wanted, could use her how I pleased. And she wanted it! She needed and craved it! I felt a warm rush in my pussy, a hot surge that caused me to exhale sharply.

"Beth, Chloe, on the bed," I said, pointing to the large, four-poster bed across the room.

"Yes, mistress," said Chloe and Beth as one, then stepped over to the opulent bed and climbed up onto the mattress. The two girls slid across the satin comforter and turned to face me, curling up together with a familiarity that was touching and highly erotic. I watched as Chloe's hand found Beth's stockinged thigh, lightly caressing the soft nylon fabric, her fingertips finding their way to the lace top of the hosiery and the soft flesh of Beth's upper leg. Beth turned to her slave-sister and touched her lips lightly to the redhead's.

I glanced around and found Charlotte watching the tender scene with rapt attention. Her hands were crossed before her and her fingers were idly twirling together with a nervous energy. Her lips were parted, lending her face a look of sultry arousal. I suspected that all thoughts of fleeing were long gone from her mind.

"Christa," I said, relaxing back into the seat, "please help Charlotte get more comfortable," I commanded.

Christa nodded and turned her attention to the young college student, a hungry look on her face. The tall blonde was by far the most outwardly sexual of my dolls. She was a predator, a perfectly sculpted mechanism, designed for pleasure. Her hair was long and fair, her lips full and red. She had large, full breasts with enticingly pink nipples that stood up from her flesh with granite hardness. Her body was long and toned, with endlessly long legs and slender arms. Between her thighs, a perfectly smooth, unblemished geography with a neat, pink line that drew the eye and concealed such delicious delights. Of all my girls, Christa was the most

kinky, the most sensual, she had the most diverse tastes - a love of female feet, a strong need to be spanked and an insatiable desire for pretty, young virgins.

Charlotte turned to Christa and watched her approach, her eyes wide with nervous tension. Christa was nearly a foot taller than her in her heels and Charlotte gazed up at her like a deer in headlights.

Christa raised a slender, manicured finger to her lips. “Sssh,” she breathed with a sultry smile. “I won’t hurt you.”

Charlotte gasped and took a small step backwards, then Christa was behind her, holding her upper arms lightly, teasing her hands up and down the trembling girl’s body. Charlotte looked ahead, her eyes fixed on some distant point in space, frozen with fear as Christa toyed with her.

“Just her clothes please Christa,” I purred, anticipating Christa’s intent and wanting to remind her who was in charge here.

Christa’s head lowered slightly and her sultry smile faded. “Yes, mistress,” she replied, breathing her words into Charlotte’s ear. The young blonde shivered and exhaled, closing her eyes and leaning back into Christa’s grip. On the bed, Beth and Chloe writhed together, arms and legs coiling around the other’s body, groping and caressing, neither girl taking her eyes off Charlotte.

Christa slowly stepped around the young blonde, teasing her finger across Charlotte’s full breasts. She stopped to stand in front of her, turning her body until they faced each other, faces inches apart as Christa looked down at the pretty student. There was an intolerable tension between the two girls. A broiling sexual hunger from Christa, and a flinching trepidation from Charlotte. But there wasn’t just fear in the trembling kitten… there was also lust, a powerful desire that was plainly articulated by her wide eyes.

Finally, Christa reached up and teased the zipper of Charlotte’s pink hoodie. Then, with an exaggerated and sensual sweep of her hands, she pushed the top off Charlotte’s shoulders, stroking her hands down the blonde’s bare arms. Charlotte shuddered and sighed, closing her eyes as she was touched for the first time. She began to breathe quicker; short, sharp pants that spoke of an inner urgency. Christa hooked her fingers into the waist of the girl’s t-shirt and peeled the tight, white garment up her body. Without a single word of resistance, Charlotte raised her arms and allowed Christa to pull the t-shirt over her head. The pristine cotton clothing was

tossed to the floor with the hoodie, forgotten amid the rising tension between the two girls.

I gazed at Charlotte's revealed body. Her pale, pristine skin and the soft rise of her full breasts, captured globes in the white cotton of her juvenile bra. I longed to see more of her, to view and inspect the pretty student. I would soon get my chance.

On the bed, Chloe and Beth began to kiss, hot red lips sliding together with a lazy intimacy. Chloe's hand lifted to Beth's face, cradling the brunette's cheek in her palm. There was something palpable in the air now, a thick sense of need and desire between the four girls, and emanating from myself. The sapphic energy seemed to push my dolls together, to fuel their lusts and drive them towards each other. They were insatiable, unquenchable.

In the center of the room, Christa dropped to a squat, a controlled descent in which she never once broke eye contact with Charlotte. With skillful fingers, the tall blonde flicked open the button of Charlotte's jeans, then whipped the zipper down. Charlotte gasped at the sudden motion, raising her hands to her mouth, covering her breasts with her arms as though suddenly aware of her partial nakedness. Before she could resist further, Christa reached up and tugged her jeans down her legs, not slowed by the tight denim.

Charlotte staggered and nearly fell, but recovered to pull her foot from her jeans, leaving her white sneaker behind. She stepped back again, freeing herself completely. Christa brushed aside the discarded bundle of clothes and shoes, and pushed herself up to stand. Then she stepped forward to stand in front of Charlotte once more, reaching down to touch the trembling girl's chin and lift her face towards her.

They made quite the pair, I observed with captivated interest. Christa, the tall, blonde, vampish sex kitten, tall black heels and sheer stockings; and Charlotte, standing there in her white cotton underwear and ankle socks, the picture of untarnished innocence. But for all their differences, the two girls shared a common facet - desire. They both gazed at each other with hungry longing, a longing derived from different beginnings, but longing nevertheless.

"Beautiful," I said, breaking the unbearable silence. Charlotte lowered her gaze to the side and blushed furiously, snapped back into reality by a

sudden awareness of her exposure. “Christa, take Charlotte to the bed. Introduce her to your slave-sisters,” I purred.

Christa smiled, sensing that what she wanted the most was growing near. She reached out her hand, an intriguing mirror of the hand I’d offered Charlotte earlier. This time there was no indecision, and Charlotte placed her hand in Christa’s, like a child trusting herself to a responsible adult. The pair of them turned and stepped across the room to the bed, causing Beth and Chloe to break their lazy kiss and study the two newcomers as they approached. The two girls shifted, uncoiling their long limbs, and lifted up on their knees, turning to face the approaching blondes. A sensual welcoming committee.

The pair reached the bed and Christa lifted her hand, inviting Charlotte to climb up onto the bed. Charlotte looked at the taller girl with nervous trepidation, biting her lower lip. She paused for a second, then lifted her legs and slid up onto the mattress, crawling forwards to kneel before Beth and Chloe. Christa joined her, kneeling behind her, an overpoweringly tall presence.

Charlotte’s pale white innocence seemed to disappear into the boiling sea of female flesh, black nylon and long hair. My three dolls were on her in an instant, hands pawing at the newcomer, caressing her breasts, her legs, her neck. Charlotte’s bra disappeared in a flash, casually tossed aside with a sigh and whimper. Then she was on her back, pushed down with a gentle shove by Chloe. At her midriff, Beth teased her panties down her legs, pulling them over her feet and lifting them to her face to inhale the scent of Charlotte’s desire.

Beth tossed the underwear aside and my three girls studied the naked blonde who cowered before them on the bed, naked but for her ankle socks. There was a hunger there, a predatory longing that was seconds away from unleashing the energy of their lusts. But they held back, awaiting my permission, seeking my blessing before they led this innocent young virgin to her new life of utter pleasure.

I paused, studying the three and Charlotte between them. Beth - the winsome brunette, my first doll, so captivating and delicate, yet brimming with sexuality. Chloe - the regal redhead with the entitled pout, a high society brat plucked from her world of privilege and wealth to devote herself to her longings. And Christa - the tall, sensual lawyer, driven and controlled, a being that existed for sex.

With a sultry smile, I clicked my fingers and the three girls pounced on Charlotte; hot, red lips finding youthful flesh, mouths on mouths, tongues on breasts, and Christa, the unspoken hierarchy yielding the privilege of pussy to the commanding blonde. *This is mine*, the sultry beauty said without a single word and the other two girls capitulated, finding other body parts to focus their actions - a nipple, a foot, a mouth. With her competition vanquished, Christa pulled Charlotte's legs apart and shifted between her knees. She gazed down at the writhing student as her slave-sisters devoured her, and then she smiled, a knowing look of control and dominance. With a casual flick of her hair, she lowered her body and touched her mouth to Charlotte's virgin pussy.

From somewhere beneath the writhing scrum of female flesh, my latest acquisition screamed out, a keening cry of utter pleasure and total submission.

I watched Christa's ass bob back and forth before me as she explored the unfamiliar geography of Charlotte's wet cunt, and I found myself remembering… thinking back to the first time I saw the tall blonde lawyer, and the strange circumstances in which she found her way into my ownership.

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Chapter 2: The Hearing

Before

"And so I ask you, *Mrs* Ross, do you really think this is at all credible?"

I blinked and looked around the table. I hadn't been listening to the question and the sudden mention of my name startled me into attention. I turned to the middle-aged lawyer sitting opposite me; a stuffy, grey, non-descript individual with a cheap suit and a two month old haircut. He was grinning at me with yellowed teeth and a sleazy expression on his face. Beside him, his co-counsel, a pretty blonde with a tight ponytail and large glasses. She glared at me with an impatient stare, her lips pulled tight.

Eric Danvers and Christa Black, the two reprehensible legal representatives of Beulah Ross-Johnson, the rotund sister of my late husband Jeremy. I glanced away from the pair of lawyers and looked at the corpulent Beulah, fanning herself with a sheet of paper. She was glistening with sweat, her face pinched into a constant scowl. She had a particular look that certain larger people had, one of perpetual anger and entitlement, and she glared at me as I struggled to answer the question.

"I'm sorry," I said with a charming smile, "would you repeat the question? I wasn't really listening."

Eric Danvers shifted in his seat, looking annoyed and hot, while Christa Black frowned and made a quick scribble in the spiral bound notepad before her. Beulah, delightful Beulah, made a bovine snort and pursed her lips.

"Of course," said Danvers, restoring his viper smile. "I asked you, *Mrs* Ross, if you thought it credible that your late husband Jeremy would completely omit his own sister Beulah from his will, leaving everything, *everything* Mrs Ross, to you?"

I leaned forward and rested on my elbows, ensuring I fixed the despicable lawyer with my most intense glare. "Yes sir, yes I do."

Danvers leaned his head to the side. "And why is that, *Mrs* Ross?"

I sat back and smiled. “I think Jeremy said it best.” I turned to face Beulah. “He said his sister was ‘a parasitic sow who had bled the family teet dry for every one of her sweat soaked, overfed years’”.

There was a collective gasp around the table and Beulah’s mouth fell open in surprise. She wasn’t used to being talked about like that.

The table erupted into a chorus of chattering voices, with my lawyer leaning forwards to perform damage control as he had so many times in the last few, pointless days. Beulah didn’t have a chance of getting a significant slice of Jeremy’s fortune, his will had been watertight, and she wasn’t the first of his awful family to crawl out of the woodwork. I attended these sham hearings with grim reluctance, allowing the Beulahs of the world to fling their sordid accusations at me, then authorized my lawyer to pay them a derisive sum that barely covered their plane ticket and legal fees. It was more than they deserved.

I allowed the noise of the room to fade into the background, a droning buzz that seemed unimportant and distant. Then I turned my attention to what had distracted me so much in the first place.

At the end of the table, perched on a straight backed chair and lost in a world of concentration, was Jenna, the hearing’s stenographer. She was a mousy, plain looking girl with large glasses and an unfashionably messy hair style that sat atop her head like an explosion of brown static. She was wearing a plain, white blouse with a rounded collar, buttoned up to her slender neck, and a rough, brown skirt, tan pantyhose and flat loafers. She looked like the high school librarian, all twitchy and nervous, constantly pushing her glasses up her pretty button nose. But there was something about her, something intriguing and hidden. And I couldn’t stop thinking about her.

At the time of Beulah’s hearing, I was still a fledgling mistress. I’d met Beth just a month before, and she’d moved into my house just a few weeks later. As yet, she was my only doll and I was slowly discovering the depths of my desires and the limits of my lust, exploring her body and allowing her to explore mine and her own submission. But my new instincts were beginning to evolve, developing into something grander, more ambitious. Beth was a wonderful possession and an endlessly enjoyable plaything. But I wanted more, I wanted a harem of girls like Beth, who would serve me and pleasure me and each other.

I gazed down the table at Miss Jenna, studying her face and her hands as they danced over the sleek stenotype. The shouting and bickering continued around me, with my lawyer skillfully dismissing the claims and accusations.

At once, she looked up and caught my eye, realizing suddenly that I was staring at her. I didn't look away. Instead, I flashed her a sultry smile and narrowed my eyes, lifting my pen to my mouth and touching the tip to my painted lips.

The girl blushed and hunched her shoulders, looking down at the machine that her fingers were dancing over. After several seconds, she glanced up again. A subtle shift of her eyes in my direction, seeking verification that she hadn't imagined my attention. I leaned my head to the side and smirked, meeting her gaze, then I winked.

She exhaled softly and her lips cracked into a faint smile, then she turned her attention back to her work. *Did she like women?* I wondered idly. I felt a rush of desire, most at odds with the stuffy, boring circumstances in which I found myself.

The Claudia Ross of three months ago would never have felt like this, would have never dared contemplate what I was contemplating. But I was different to that repressed doormat. Changed by a chance encounter in a Vegas hotel, driven by awakened instincts that I never knew I had, but relished the exploration of.

I had to have her. The notion rose in my mind like a resplendent phoenix, saturating my thoughts and banishing the trivial distraction of the hearing to the very back of my concerns. My was suddenly awash with images, sordid dioramas in which Jenna was the centerpiece; naked and posed, subjected to whatever filthy ordeal I could conceive. Her young legs spread, pink pussy open and exposed...

"Folks, I don't think we're getting anywhere here," said Eric Danvers from out of nowhere, interrupting my indulgent fantasy as he shuffled a shabby pile of papers into misaligned pile and wiped a fleck of spittle from his chubby chin. "Should we take a recess for lunch? Back here for two?"

Danvers, Christa Black and the grotesque Beulah stood as one and flashed me a trio of hostile looks, as though it was my fault they were trapped in this stuffy, tastefully decorated prison. Then they turned and filed out of the room.

“Help me out here Claudia,” said my lawyer. James Reinhold was a good man, a long time friend of the family. He looked exasperated and tired. This was the third such greedy in-law that he’d helped me swat away. “We’re not going to get these people to crawl back under their rocks if you keep antagonizing them.”

I smiled back at him. “I know Jim, but where’s the fun in behaving myself?”

He made a low harrumphing sound and shook his head, then wished me a pleasant lunch and headed out of the meeting room.

Finally. I was alone with Jenna. I turned and flashed her a quick glance. She was hunched over her stenotype, examining some text on the small screen, tiny wrinkles of concentration scrunching up her button nose as she peered over the top of her oversized glasses.

“I’m sorry about this whole thing,” I said.

Jenna looked up suddenly and twitched her mousy face. “Excuse me?” she said, with a timid voice.

“I’m sorry that you have to sit through such an undignified display. Some people are just awful, don’t you think?” I said, making a show of sorting my papers into a neat pile.

“I-I guess,” she stammered.

“I wish there was some way that I could make it up to you,” I purred with a sultry tone. Looking back, I realize that this seduction was clumsy and rash, a massive risk. But I was driven by desire and a strong need to have this cute, meek girl. I gave the wider implications of my actions not a single thought.

“That’s really not necessary Miss Ross,” said Jenna, glancing back down at her stenotype. A soft flush rose in her cheeks and she flicked her eyes up nervously, catching my gaze, a subtle signal that my instincts were right. Despite her timid reticence, I sensed a side to the girl that wasn’t immediately apparent. Or was it my lust-heightened senses? In the coming months and years, I would become more skillful at recognizing girls who fit my particular requirements. But my instincts were dulled at this early stage, and I found it very easy to see desire where there was none.

“Come over here,” I said boldly, shutting my leather file and slipping my glasses off my nose.

Jenna looked up and blinked. “Excuse me?”

“Come over here so I can see you,” I said with a commanding tone.

“Miss Ross, I’m not sure what…”

I clapped my hands and pointed at the floor beside me. “Now,” I growled, suddenly realizing how risky this move was. I had no idea if this girl had submissive tendencies, no idea if she even liked women.

There was a moment of silence and calm, neither of us moving or speaking. I opened my mouth, intending to apologize and dismiss the whole thing with a casual wave. But then she blinked quickly, three times, and pushed back in her seat, rising to her feet and turning in my direction.

I exhaled with a light relief as the short, plain girl stepped slowly around the long conference table, each stride taking an eternity of milliseconds until, finally, she stood before me, shuffling on the spot with nervous trepidation.

“I-I saw you looking at me,” she whispered, “during the hearing.”

“I was.” I leaned back in my chair and crossed my legs, turning to face her.

“Wh-what do you want?” she breathed, barely audible even in the stillness of the room.

“I want you, Jenna,” I said matter-of-factly, without a pause for thought.

She blinked in surprise and exhaled, backing away half a step.

“I-I’m not…” she protested meekly.

“Then leave, the door is there,” I said, lifting my hand and gesturing at the large, oak panelled doors on the other side of the room.

Jenna’s head turned to follow my hand and a look of relief crossed her face. But she didn’t move. Her gaze returned to the patch of floor between us.

“Take off your glasses and hand them to me,” I said.

She reached up with trembling hands and removed her large, matronly spectacles. Then she held them out in front of her, offering me them with timid obedience. I took them and folded the arms down, placing them on the table beside me.

“Lift your face, look at me,” I said.

The nervous girl lifted her head, looking for all the world like a rebellious teenager caught in an obvious lie. She was quite beautiful, freed from the heavy weight of the ugly glasses. She was a dishevelled urchin, unkempt hair and delicate features, with the small amount of makeup she wore applied sparingly, almost redundantly.

“You’re very pretty,” I beamed and her face flushed a delicate pink, highlighting her high cheekbones. “Bend over the table, please.”

She gasped at the sudden turn in the conversation and her mouth fell open. She blinked rapidly, eyes flicking towards the door. I knew how she felt, the prospect of someone returning to the room terrified and thrilled me in equal measure. But thoughts of being caught in this sordid seduction were secondary to my need to touch this girl, to taste her, to have her taste me and do my bidding.

“I-I can’t…” she said, lowering her gaze to the floor.

“You can and you will,” I replied firmly, tapping the table beside me. I swept my arm across the hard surface, moving my papers and stationery to one side, providing her a clear space to lower herself down onto.

She followed my moves with rapt fascination, nibbling on her lower lip, eyes wide with fear and arousal. I felt a rush of warmth in my body as I studied the girl and her inner turmoil. I knew she wanted it, I knew it. I can’t explain it - it was like a second sight, an ability to discern the intangible. Ten minutes ago, this pretty, plain girl had been going about her job, with no thoughts of desire or lust or submission. And now she was being guided down a path that she may not have previously contemplated. The realization of her needs and wants warred inside her with her sense of propriety and rightness. But deep down, she wanted to obey me, she wanted to give her body to me and experience the sensations that I offered her as a gift. I knew she did.

Reluctant, halting, she turned and faced the table, shuffling forwards until her thighs touched the hard surface. Then she bent at the waist, lowering her upper body down onto the fine mahogany, until she rested on her elbows, her breasts pushed against the table. With a hesitant sigh, she lifted her head and stared resolutely forwards, awaiting whatever it was that I had planned for her.

I allowed myself to relax a little, made an effort to control my pounding heart. I could scarcely believe I was doing this. The risk was great, the stakes total. At any second, Danvers or Black or the awful Beulah could return to the room and catch me. But the risk heightened the sensations and desires that were driving me. Jenna Lee forbidden, off-limits, she should have been unobtainable. But in the early days of my new life, I felt as though nothing was off-limits to me, nothing was immune to

the force of my will and the strength of my desire. I wanted the young girl, and I would have her.

I shifted my chair until I was beside the bending girl, studying her body. I lifted my hand and touched her ass, caressing the round globes beneath the rough material of her unflattering skirt. Then I gripped the hem of the garment and pulled it roughly up around Jenna's legs until it gathered around her hips, exposing her to me.

Jenna sighed and flattened her hands against the table, presumably feeling the thrill and fear of exposure for the first time. "Please… I shouldn't…" she whimpered, whispering her words with a husky timbre.

"Do you want me to stop, Jenna?" I asked, touching the palm of my hand to her pantyhose-covered ass, stroking the warm, trembling flesh.

She shifted away from me less than an inch. There was nowhere else to go. "Yes… No…" she stammered, breathing quickly and lifting her head. Every other second, she glanced at the door.

I forced my hand between her legs, enveloping my fingers in the warmth of her sex, plainly discernable through the material of her nylons and her panties. There was a hot wetness there, an insinuation of moisture that spoke only of lust. I forced my fingers apart and she spread her legs in response, shuffling her feet to the side until they were a shoulder's width apart. She whimpered and sighed, trapped like a deer in headlights, but willingly so.

I shifted again until I was behind her, rolling my chair across the hardwood floor. I moved both hands to caress her ass cheeks, then lifted my right hand and slapped sharply, causing a harsh crack to echo around the large room. She gasped and squealed, but didn't try to stand. "Oh god, oh god," she said, lifting her head back and breathing quickly.

"Are you a good girl Jenna?" I asked with a sultry purr.

"I-I am, I am," she whispered.

I shifted my hand back between her legs and cupped her pussy, pressing down on the warm material of her pantyhose. "Are you wet Jenna? Good girls don't get wet, do they?"

"I…" she started but didn't finish. Instead, she moaned out loud as I pressed down on her clit, arching her back upwards until she was staring at the ceiling.

"How wet are you exactly?" I purred, feeling the still-new feelings of lesbian desire rising in my body. It had been mere weeks since I'd found

Beth and my sexual awakening, and the sensations that flooded my body were fresh and novel, but exquisitely familiar. The boiling warmth in my pussy, a slight tingle of anticipation bringing a rash of gooseflesh to my warm skin, my quickening breath and pounding heart.

I stroked my trembling hands over the soft nylon that was stretched taut over Jenna Lee's ass, relishing the response that my touch elicited in the young girl. Then I reached down and plunged my fingernails into the material over her pussy, taking hold of the delicate gauze and ripping it open in a sudden, rough movement. Jenna's head shot up from the table and she gasped loudly, struggling slightly in my grip. "Wh-what are you doing?" she stammered with a hint of convictionless rebellion.

I gazed down at the hole in her pantyhose, a wide portal centered on her pussy. Her white cotton panties, juvenile and large, were visibly damp and achingly naive. I gripped the soft cotton and shifted it to one side, revealing the pink wetness of her sex. She gasped as cold air touched her exposed labia and a light shudder ran through her body. She moaned and lowered her head.

With tender care, I touched my fingertips to the soft flesh of her pussy, barely making contact with her slick folds. She inhaled sharply and writhed on the table, flattening her palms against the hard surface. I touched her again, harder this time, deeper, plunging my fingers deep into her sex, enveloping my digits with her wetness.

"Oh my," I drawled, feeling a rush of desire and the thrill of control, "you are very wet down here, young lady."

She panted and nodded, peering back over her shoulder as I continued my intimate exploration of her exposed pussy.

"I thought you said you were a good girl?" I purred, finding her clit and pressing it against her pelvic bone. She gasped and shook her head, squeezing her eyes shut and reaching forward with her hands.

Without shifting my fingers from between her legs, I stood up from the chair and pushed it aside, then leaned over her prone body. "Put your arms behind your back," I said softly, grabbing a handful of her mousy hair. She sighed and shook her head, struggling in my grip. I responded by lightly squeezing her clitoris between my fingers, tugging at the bulbous nub with gentle insistence. The girl moaned and lifted her head. I could see beads of glistening perspiration forming on her cheeks and forehead, could feel the rhythmic jackhammer of her heart pounding in her body.

Eventually, she shifted her weight, lowering herself off her elbows and lying flat on the table. Then she curled her arms behind her back, gripping her wrists with her hands.

“Good girl,” I breathed and moved my hand from her hair to her arms, pinning them in place. “Do you like to be restrained? Do you like to be helpless?” I said, pushing down on her back and sliding my fingers through the slick warmth of her pussy, massaging the tender folds.

She breathed out and moaned lightly. “Y-yes Miss Ross, yes I do,” she whispered.

I began to quicken the pace of my fingers, moving my hand back and forth through her pussy. She was dripping wet, hot and slick with lust. I smeared that immaculate moisture over her lips, back to her asshole, causing fevered moans of pleasure from the captive stenographer. As my manipulation intensified, she began to shift in my grip, struggling from side to side in a convictionless attempt to escape. All thoughts of interruption or exposure seemed to have fled now, from both our minds. Jenna was lost in the frantic grip of sensation that was causing her to quake with pleasure; and I was taken by the exquisite thrill of control, the sense of complete domination over another.

As my fingers moved, I allowed my racing thoughts to surge ahead. I gazed down at the girl beneath me as she struggled and moaned. I imagined her mouth between my legs, imagined her sitting on Beth’s face. I dared to consider owning her, dressing her as I saw fit, posing her alongside my winsome brunette, mounting her for display and setting her body in a stance that reflected her sexual being. As I pressed down hard on her bulging clitoris and gripped her slender wrists behind her back, I genuinely thought that I might have found my second doll.

The thought thrilled me, sending waves of hot warmth through my body, causing me to shudder uncontrollably. Without even touching my own pussy, I felt the exquisite thrill of arousal. I quickened my fingers, plunging two slender digits into Jenna’s tight hole. The girl cried out and sighed as my hand filled her. I pulled my arm back, then pushed forwards again, deeper this time, feeling the warm envelope of her pussy around me, an indescribably wet cavern that demanded exploration.

I squatted down and released my grip on her wrists. She remained in position, with her arms crossed behind her back, I noted with distant satisfaction. My hand continued to piston back and forth, filling her more

with every insistent stroke. With my other hand, I found her clit again and began to squeeze it, running the slick bulge through my fingers and massaging it with my thumb. Jenna squealed and moaned, her head thrashing back and forth on the table as my manipulations continued.

Without thinking, driven by need and lust alone, I lowered my head and pushed my face into her ass, covering mouth with the totality of her flesh. My tongue darted forwards and found her asshole, relishing the taste of her and the heat of her desire. I began to poke at that puckered hole and she tried to pull away, sighing and gasping with every forced trespass.

“Oh god, oh god, stop, stop,” she breathed. Every word was a soft whisper, snippets of meaning between quick, sharp pants. I sensed she was close to climax, felt the rising tension in her body. Attacked on three fronts, her body could take this kind of assault no longer. I quickened my pace once more, pushing my tongue deeper, thrusting my hand further into her, twisting my wrist and hooking my fingers into the rough penny of her g-spot.

Something inside her broke, a sudden flick of a switch and a point of no return being crossed. Her spine arched upwards and she flung her head backwards, the cords on her neck standing out with granite hardness. Her moaning stopped and the room fell into a charged silence, an electric tension that bristled with sexual energy. Her hands tightened into claws, knuckles made white with the force of the orgasm raging silently through her body. Then the tension broke and her head fell forwards onto the table. She began to breathe quickly. “Ah, ah, ah, ah,” she moaned quickly. Her arms and legs began to twitch and shake uncontrollably. For an eternity of long seconds, the pretty stenographer thrashed and shook in my grip, my fingers still deep inside her.

Then she stopped and her body collapsed down onto the table, her legs splayed out to the sides, no longer able to take her weight. She began to inhale and exhale, taking long breaths as though tasting air for the first time. I slid my hand out of her slick pussy, relishing the shudder of relief as the presence left her.

I took a step back and lowered myself to my chair, crossing my legs and studying the prone body of Jenna on the table before me. The torn mess of her tan pantyhose framing the glowing pink geography of her pretty, young pussy. She was barely moving, arms still crossed behind her back. A single flat shoe kicked off in the throes of her passion lay off to the side,

revealing a stockinged sole and painted toenails. She looked quite beautiful and quite submissive, lying there as the intense maelstrom of her frantic orgasm faded from her body.

“Did you enjoy that Jenna?” I asked.

She nodded, barely moving her body. She opened her eyes and peered back back at me.

“Yes. It was… yes…” she whispered.

“Good. There’ll be more like that when I get you home. I can’t wait for you to meet Beth,” I said, barely even thinking about what I was saying. In my mind, the transaction was done, the collection complete. Jenna had taken my hand and my tongue and given herself to me, her capitulation more binding than any signature. How naive.

She shifted on the table and lifted herself up. “What?” she said. “I don’t understand.”

I smiled and placed my hands on my lap. “You’re mine now. Your old life is over,” I said, echoing the words I’d used to mark the transition of Beth from shy intern to owned doll. In that case, the words had triggered a look of release and relief, a liberation from the expectations of her existence and the glorious freedom of her submission.

But Jenna was not Beth.

“I think there’s been a misunderstanding,” she snapped, swinging her body round and perching on the edge of the table. She began to shuffle her skirt down her legs.

I felt a flutter of doubt in my mind. It wasn’t supposed to be like this. “Kneel down before me,” I said, but my voice cracked and there was little conviction there.

Jenna shook her head and hopped off the table. She reached down and grabbed her shoe, slipping it on her stockinged foot. “Lady, this was a mistake,” she snarled, backing away from me. “I don’t know what you think this was…”

“But,” I said, knowing that this was a massive error on my part. I’d been greedy, allowing myself to be guided by my desires and my lust. I made an inward vow to be more careful in the future.

“Sorry Miss Ross, I’m leaving now,” said Jenna, turning on her heel and walking towards the door.

“Wait,” I said, a final attempt at regaining control. But she didn’t stop. Instead, she turned and fixed me with a venomous stare.

“You’re sick, you old pervert,” she spat and pulled the door open, disappearing into the hallway beyond.

I exhaled sharply, a hot flush of anger and loss lighting up my face. *How did I get it so wrong?* I thought to myself, gazing at the floor.

Suddenly, there was a noise from the open doorway. I looked up and blinked in surprise. Standing there, framed in the entrance, was Christa Black, my opponent’s co-counsel. The tall blonde was staring at me with furious concentration, her painted red lips hanging open with obvious shock, eyes wide and brow furrowed.

I lifted my hand and wiped my mouth, still wet with Jenna’s pussy juice.

“What…” I began, barely able to speak, “what did you hear?”

Christa Black exhaled sharply and crossed her arms in front of her, glancing off to the side with a look of confused puzzlement on her sculpted face. “Everything…” she breathed, then turned on her heel and disappeared into the corridor with a quick bounce.

“Shit,” I said to myself as the full implications of what had happened washed through my racing mind.

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Chapter 3: Christa

Before

The hearing reconvened an hour later. At two on the dot, Beulah and Eric Danvers filed into the meeting room and took their seats. A minute later, Christa Black stepped into the room, holding her briefcase and papers, a distant look in her eyes. She flashed me a quick look, but otherwise said nothing. She appeared deep in thought and I wondered how long it would be before she or Danvers revealed the depths of my debauchery to the room, no doubt granting Beulah the victory she so craved. *How had I been so stupid?*

"Did everyone have a good lunch?" said Danvers pleasantly.

"Very nice, thank you," said James beside me.

Danvers glanced in my direction and looked at me expectantly. I realized that he was waiting for me to speak. *Oh god, did he know?*

"It was… uh… very tasty," I said.

Danvers furrowed his brow and gazed at me. "Are you okay Mrs Ross? You seem a little off-color," he said, sounding genuinely concerned. Beside him, Christa Black looked up from her papers and met my gaze.

"I'm fine, thank you," I said, struggling to maintain my composure while the panic rose in my gut, making me want to stand and flee from this place and find a deep hole to crawl into. "I'm just tired, and this heat… you know…" I said, then looked down at my papers, shrinking from the intolerable scrutiny of the opposition. But most of all, trying to escape the icy gaze of Christa Black, her piercing blue eyes burning into my soul with the weight of her stolen knowledge.

Had she told Danvers what she saw? What she heard? I glanced down the table at the stenotype. Jenna's chair was unoccupied, the girl hadn't returned after she stormed out of the room earlier. Didn't anyone else wonder where the girl was?

Danvers followed my eye and seemed to read my thoughts. "Ah, yes, you've noticed that Miss Lee isn't with us." I nodded distantly, flicking a

guilty look at Christa Black. The pristine blonde beauty was still staring at me dispassionately. “Poor thing took ill over lunch. She won’t be returning today. The office is sending down another stenographer within the hour, but I don’t think we need to wait for the replacement. I’m sure we can wrap up quickly here and let Mrs Ross get back home, don’t you James?”

I glanced around and James Reinhold nodded enthusiastically. “Heavens, yes. Let’s get this over with and get on with our lives,” he said and shot Beulah an acidic look.

The chubby woman across the table pursed her lips and snorted through her porcine nose.

“Okay, let’s get down to it then,” said Danvers, shuffling his file. “Did anyone else have anything else to add?”

I glanced at Christa Black who was still studying me with that intense glare. She appeared deep in thought, wrestling with the internal weight of the knowledge that she possessed. I gazed back at her, studying her face, trying to read her expression, silently imploring her to hold onto the secret of my humiliation.

Danvers looked around the table, taking in every person in turn. “Nothing? Then I think we’ll break for deliberation. James you’ll receive our offer by thursday week and …”

“Wait!” said Christa Black suddenly, her model face snapping away from me, turning down the table to Danvers. “There’s s-something else…” she breathed, barely audibly and utterly different from her normally confident voice.

I felt a wave of panic wash over me. This was it. I was about to be exposed. They’d find out about me, about my secret. They’d find out about Beth. I’d done nothing wrong, but I would be judged, humiliated. Exposed as an aging lesbian predator, an insatiable sex fiend. My heart began to pound, my body felt hot and burned with my inner shame. My vision swam and I felt dizzy. I was suddenly gripped with a desperate need to be out of that room, out of that building, out of this universe.

I stood quickly, pushing my chair back with a force that made it crash against the wall of the meeting room. “I… I don’t feel… I have to go…” I said, shrinking under the weight of the surprised looks that followed me to my feet. I turned on my heel and pushed past James, stepping around the table on trembling legs. I reached the door and didn’t stop, pulling the

handle with unchecked force and staggering out into the corridor beyond. Then I ran, ran as fast as I possibly could.

Behind me, the fading voice of the awful Beulah echoed in my mind. “How typically *Claudia*,” she sneered, “her kind are so undignified.”

The building’s bathroom was bright and clinical, lit with a harsh light. It felt pleasantly cool after the oppressive heat of the meeting room. I leaned forwards and splashed cold water over my face, not caring about getting spots of wetness on my blouse and skirt. The refreshing ice cold liquid cooled my burning cheeks and shocked my heart into a more manageable rhythm.

I hung my head down and forced my breathing to slow. I could scarcely believe what had happened, how badly I’d screwed up. At this very moment, Christa Black was likely telling Danvers and James and Beulah everything that she’d seen and heard, my peculiar demands and Jenna’s abject refusal. My life was over, my reputation ruined. All because I couldn’t control my basest desires.

Behind me, the door to the bathroom creaked open. I didn’t turn to see who it was, could barely stand to face anyone at that moment, so deep was my malaise.

“Are you okay,” said a female voice.

I glanced up and peered in the mirror before me. It was Christa Black, standing inside the door, studying me with a look of puzzled interest.

“Leave me alone,” I moaned, closing my eyes and wishing her away.

“I-I said I’d come to see how you were…” she began. There was a halting, soft tone to her voice. Almost reverential.

I turned to face her, and leaned back against the bathroom counter.

“I’ve had better days,” I said, still not sure whether Christa had told my secret.

“I wasn’t,” the tall blonde began, then paused and glanced around, nibbling on her lower lip. I studied her, for the first time if I’m perfectly honest. I’d been so caught up in my sordid fantasy over the plain, obtainable stenographer Jenna, that I’d scarcely given the statuesque lawyer a second glance. Christa Black was tall, easily several inches taller than me in her high, pristine, stiletto heels. She wore a bright red sleeveless dress

with a skirt that reached down to just above her knees. Her legs were bare, with smooth, tanned skin that perfectly complimented the seductive color of her dress. Her blonde hair was gathered in a tight braid that fell down her back and bounced as she walked. She peered back at me over expensive glasses that had slid down her nose slightly. “I wasn’t going to tell them what I saw,” she continued, and I noticed a soft glow highlighting her sharp cheekbones. “It was just a form that needed signing.”

I felt a wave of relief washing over me. “Oh,” was all I could bring myself to say.

Christa shuffled on her heels, crossing her arms before her and glancing around the bathroom. “What you said to that girl, to Jenna,” she said, then paused.

“Which bit?” I asked, suddenly wondering where this was going.

“You said ...she was *yours*. She belonged to *you.*” She lifted her head and pushed her glasses back up her nose, scrutinizing me with a furious intensity.

I paused and glanced away from her, wondering what on earth was happening. Was this an elaborate trap? An attempt to goad me into revealing more intimate details about my life, feeding me enough rope to hang myself. I didn’t think so. There was something about the way that Christa Black was staring at me, an intensity and a curiosity that was almost palpable.

“She clearly didn’t think so,” I smiled wistfully.

“Who is Beth?” said Christa, leaning her head to the side. *How much had she heard?*

“Beth is… Beth is…” I stammered, struggling to put into words the strange relationship that my first sex slave and I had. At least words that didn’t make me seem like an awful, old pervert.

“Does Beth belong to you as well?” asked Christa matter-of-factly, her expression revealing nothing of her intent.

“Yes, Beth and I have an understanding,” I said, deciding that I was too far in to deny any of it now.

“What is it? I want to know,” she demanded, a note of entitlement creeping into her tone. “I *need* to know,” she added with a breath.

“Beth is my possession, my plaything. She obeys me without question, she has submitted to me completely. Beth has accepted my authority and

my dominance.” I laid it all out bare, allowed the truth to flow from me and hang in the air between us, ominous and looming. “Beth is my doll.”

Christa took a step back, her hands falling to her sides limply. Her face lit up with an expression of shock and confusion, eyes wide and mouth agape. But she didn’t turn to leave, she didn’t spit back a condemnation, didn’t react in any way.

“Does that shock you?” I said, feeling a sense of control returning to my actions. There was something happening here that I did not yet recognize, but which would come to be so familiar and welcomed in the coming months and years. Christa’s face was frozen in a look of surprise, yes, but there was something else: realization. A realization that something she had previously not dared imagine possible was real and obtainable. That her darkest desires and most shameful needs were shared by others, that she might achieve that which she craved the most.

“A… little…” she replied after an eternity.

“Only a little?” I asked, leaning my head to one side, taking a single step over to her. She didn’t back away, remaining resolutely glued to the spot. “Does it disgust you? That a woman might be owned by another woman, body and soul?” I said, taking another step forward.

She lowered her head, brow furrowed in deep concentration, fighting some inner battle that I couldn’t comprehend. “No,” she replied resolutely.

“Does it… appeal to you?” I breathed, reaching her side and trailing a single fingernail down her bare arm. She shuddered under my touch, but didn’t flinch.

“I… I don’t know,” she whispered.

“Would you like to find out?” I said, caressing the soft nape of her neck and taking hold of her golden ponytail with a firm grip.

She exhaled deeply and lifted her head, shutting her eyes and parting her lips. How had I missed this? How had I failed to see what was right in front of my face? Suddenly, I began to recall flashing images of the hearing, brief snatches of recollection from the previous two days. The way Christa Black had barely said a single word, following Eric Danvers’ directions to the letter. The way she had taken compliments about her appearance with a simpering acceptance, lowering her eyes and blushing.

If I’d met Christa several months later, after honing my collection technique, I would have performed my due diligence on her, ensuring that she possessed the personality traits common in the *slave archetype*. I’d

undoubtedly find that she was an underachiever, a quiet girl with much promise but little ambition. I'd find that her relationships were invariably disasters, a search for something that she could not articulate, but which frequently led her down an incorrect path. I'd perhaps find her internet history filled with tentative searches for unfamiliar terms: *submission*, *dominance*, *consensual sexual slavery;* a ceaseless quest to answer an unasked question.

But without this information, I only had my instincts to go on, and my instincts had led me down the wrong road, pursuing Jenna Lee. I silently cursed myself and vowed to be more diligent in future, choosing my acquisitions with more care and attention. Then I turned back to Christa.

The bathroom was alive with sexual energy now, the air heavy with anticipation and longing, both mine and the tall lawyer's.

"Have you been with a woman before?" I purred, stepping around her trembling body. She remained resolutely rooted to the spot, her arms hanging limply by her side. Her gaze was fixed on a point across the room, she made no attempt to follow my motion.

"No ma'am," she said, her voice a lilting west coast drawl.

I stopped in front of her. She towered over me by several inches. I found myself peering up at her sculpted face, admiring the subtle shading of her large, blue eyes, the glistening wetness of her parted lips, perfectly painted with seductive red.

"Step out of your shoes, Christa," I said.

She nodded, and flexed her toes, freeing her feet from the shiny red pumps and stepping to one side. With a casual sweep of her foot, she kicked the shoes to one side and returned to stand before me. With her heels removed, we stood eye to eye and she gazed at me with a look of curious impatience.

I took a step back and allowed my eyes to slowly crawl down her body, admiring the athletic lines of her frame, the modest rise of her breasts and the slender curve of her waist. I licked my lips as I followed the long line of her tanned legs down to her dainty ankles and her pretty feet, toes painted to perfection in the same shade of red as her fingers and lips. As I watched, she rippled her toes on the cold tile floor, and I sighed as a rush of longing swept over me.

I stepped forward again, feeling a surge of dominance and control. I lifted my hands and grabbed her upper arms, feeling the soft warmth of her

flesh, alive with a rash of gooseflesh. With a rough insistence, I pushed her backwards to the wall of the bathroom. She stumbled in my grip, but allowed herself to be manipulated, hitting the wall with a gasp. I pinned her there, maintaining my grip on her arms, keeping them locked by her side. She seemed smaller now, no longer the statuesque valkyrie that had stepped into the bathroom earlier. Pinned against the wall, barefoot at my behest, she seemed to lose her power, becoming little more than a submissive plaything that was mine to command. From deep inside me, I felt a familiar rush of warmth, a growing fire that would soon demanded satisfaction.

I pushed my body against hers, flattening my breasts on her breasts, feeling the quick warmth of her breath on my face. I was hungry, possessed with lust and desire, a rekindled remnant of my longing for Jenna Lee. But there was something new here, a need that possessed a different profile, a strong compulsion to take and use this goddess of a woman. I leaned my head forward and touched my lips to hers, tasting her moist lips, sticky with her lip gloss, warm and vital and alive with desire. She sighed at my kiss, parting her lips slightly, allowing her tongue to poke out before withdrawing it. Was it an invite to enter her, or a realization that she was not in control here, that this was my game to control? I didn't know, didn't care, my mind was overwhelmed with the intoxicating sensation of *her*; the trembling quiver in her arms; the quick rise and fall of her breasts, pinned before me; the glowing warmth of her face and sharp sigh of her breath. I pushed forwards again, hungry for more, desperate for the taste of her, to drink her into me.

Our mouths slid together, tongues dancing in the space between us like dueling blades. I lifted my hands to her face, cupping her cheeks in my palms, angling her head to grant me better access to her mouth. I reached around her neck, grabbing her ponytail and tugging it with a rough yank. She bent her knees and lowered herself, tilting her neck up until I was gazing down at her. Her eyes were wide, azure gems that glistened in the clinical light of the bathroom. She seemed to be begging me for more, inviting me on with a nervous energy that prickled the air between us.

I pulled up on her hair and she squealed, straightening her legs and following my motion. With a rough push, I moved her body into one of the bathroom stalls, sending the door crashing against the wall with a loud bang. I barely noticed the noise, forcing her back and allowing the door to close behind us. I grabbed her arms again and span her round, pushing her

against the stall wall. She lifted her hands to the wooden partition and flattened her palms on the cold surface. She was panting now, breath coming in quick, sharp bursts. I grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, until she was gazing back at me over her shoulder. The warmth in my pussy had escalated to a raging inferno, an unstoppable conflagration of furious desire. I craved this girl like nothing I'd ever wanted before, needed her with an animalistic hunger. I wanted to taste her, to smell her, to feel every inch of my skin pressed against her naked body.

"Spread your legs," I snarled in her ear with a sharp whisper.

She nodded in my grip and parted her feet. I reached down and grabbed the hemline of her dress, pulling it up over her firm ass. She gasped and moaned, closing her eyes and leaning her head against the stall partition. I reached down and dropped my hand between her legs, sliding my fingers under the damp lace of her black panties. My eager digits found her pussy and plunged into the dripping folds, roughly grabbing, kneading, massaging.

"Ahhh," she breathed with a long exhale. Her eyes squeezed tighter and her fingers curled against the wall. She shifted in position, parting her legs yet further, yielding to my insistent demands.

"What do you want Christa?" I breathed in her ear, sliding her bulging clitoris through my slender fingers.

She panted in my grip, responding to my manipulation with a soft whimper. "I-I want to… I want to be owned," she said.

"What do you mean?" I whispered, massaging her nub once more, harder this time, pressing the hot bulge against her body.

"I-I want to be your doll," she moaned, grinding her body against the wall, driven by the furious maelstrom of desire that lit up her body with a hot flush. "I want to do what you say, I want to do what you want, I want you to use me, to dominate me," she added, repeating the litany of desires as though articulating her need for the first time.

"I'm sure that something can be arranged," I purred, giving her pussy one final, hard press.

I stepped back to the opposite wall and moved to the toilet, lifting my leg and placing my heel on the lowered seat. Christa gazed back at me over her shoulder, peering at my heel and stockinged foot with narrowed eyes that beamed her intense desire. I didn't yet know about Christa's foot fetish,

I suspect that she didn't either, but I'd soon come to realize that Christa's love of female feet was second only to her love of pussy.

I reached down and wriggled my tight, beige skirt up my thighs, over the top of my thigh high stockings, revealing the creamy softness of my upper thighs and the delicate lace of my silk panties. Christa turned to face me, leaning back against the wall of the cubicle, gnawing on her lower lip and breathing heavily, chest rising and falling with a quick cadence.

"Down on your knees," I breathed, barely able to speak. She fell instantly, dropping down to kneel before me, another loss of height that diminished her power and intensified her submission. Yet she capitulated readily, allowing herself to be controlled by me totally. She gazed up at me, eyes flicking between my pussy, my raised foot and my face. Her expression was pure longing, utter desire and total need.

I leaned back against the wall, parting my legs wider and teasing one hand over the soft nylon covered thigh of my raised leg. My fingers reached my pussy and found the flesh of my sex, slick with moisture and boiling with desire. I flicked aside my panties and parted my lips, revealing the pink of my inner labia to her, presenting her next assignment with bold glee. Her eyes shot forwards, now fixated on one point only. For a tiny eternity, I played with myself, sliding my fingers through my hot pussy, transfixing her with my movements, inviting her forward but not allowing her to move. Her eyes grew impatient, charging the air in the small cubicle with an intolerable tension and a furious longing. She was like a wild horse, caged and bound and unable to run free, her entire being craving the open skies and wide prairie. But it was not freedom that this filly craved, it was the exact opposite - a surrender of liberty, the inexplicable paradox of submission's release. And my pussy was an avatar for that capitulation.

As I looked on, she licked her lips hungrily. *Please mistress,* she pleaded with her eyes and her parted lips, *please allow me.*

I leaned down and removed my fingers from my pussy, holding my slick hand out in front of me. Then I nodded. Without a second of pause, she shuffled forwards and grabbed my hand, plunging my slender fingers into her hungry mouth. She lapped and sucked at me, eyes pressed closed, tongue sweeping around my digits as she cleaned them of all of my juice. Then her aperitif was completely consumed, she removed my fingers from her mouth and refocused her attention forwards, to my waiting pussy. I nodded again, barely able to contain my own longing. I wanted nothing

more than to have this intriguing girl's head between my legs, to envelope her in my warmth, to feel her eager lapping on my hot sex.

I didn't have to wait long.

Before my nod was even done, she was moving forwards. One slender arm coiled around my right leg, hand gripping the back of my thigh, locking herself in position like a high rise construction worker. Her other hand fell to my raised foot, fingers curling under the rise of my heel. Then she fell forwards, face diving down on to my pussy, tongue darting out and devouring me without a hint of tease or foreplay.

My pussy exploded with sensation, the sudden jolt of her attention and the insistent touch of her warm tongue. Her actions were so bold, so self-assured. So very different from the innocent trepidation of Beth. The winsome brunette was halting and unsure, while Christa was purposeful and forward. I found a distant part of me wondering what it would be like to watch Christa fuck Beth, to see her tower over my tiny doll, pounding her asshole and pussy with a thick plastic cock. Devil and angel.

I dropped my hands down to grip her head, pushing her into me, needing to satisfy the intoxicating rush of desire that swept over me as my sordid thoughts charged my already insatiable longing. She responded with quick licks of my pussy, sweeping her tongue across my lips, focusing her attention on my throbbing clit. Her tongue was pure electricity, every touch sending jolts of pleasure throughout my body. I felt my nerve endings sing with this curious energy, thrilled to the warmth that rippled through me.

"Oh god, oh god," I said, throwing my head back against the stall partition, not a single care about who might enter and hear my frantic moans and fevered cries. All thoughts of the hearing, or of Beulah, or of Jenna Lee and her crushing rejection banished. All that mattered now was the captivating blonde between my legs, her hot tongue and utter devotion to my pleasure.

Suddenly, she pulled back and gazed up at me. Her mouth and face were slick with my wetness, her lipgloss was smeared around her mouth, giving her a dishevelled, feral appearance that spoke of her complete desire. I peered down at her, mildly annoyed by the interruption in her attention, feeling the looming swell of impending climax recede from my awareness.

"Wh-what?" I breathed, panting heavily.

"Please, Miss Ross," she breathed, "sit," she added, pointing at the toilet seat. I followed her motion and realized what she wanted, what she

was suggesting. I shifted to the side, moving around her and lowering myself to the seat. She smiled and sighed, never taking her eyes off my pussy. I shuffled forwards until my ass was hanging over the edge, then I leaned back against the cistern.

Christa didn't wait for an invitation this time, instead darting forwards as soon as I was in position, lifting my legs and resting them on her shoulders. Then she leaned in and dropped her mouth to my pussy, resuming her intense attention without a second thought.

As her tongue found my clit, the hot warmth re-ignited inside my body, coursing through my nerves and veins with an unstoppable energy. I moaned out loud without thinking, reaching out to the side and flattening my palms against the walls of the stall, as though to anchor myself on something solid. My head was swimming and my vision blurred, my heart was pounding like an out of control jackhammer. And still she licked, lapping at me with endless enthusiasm and obvious skill.

Then I felt her enter me, two bold fingers pushed into my tight hole, finding little resistance at the slick entrance. I screamed out, an unavoidable expression of hunger and longing, then slammed my hand against my mouth, realizing what I'd done. Christa didn't miss a beat, driving her hand back and forth, adding an extra finger to her trespass, pushing deeper, harder with every piston-like stroke. With her mouth, she sucked my labia between her lips, enveloping my clit in her warmth, frantically pressing, licking, tasting me with her hungry tongue. I felt utterly overwhelmed by her, filled and encapsulated at once, an intense mixture of sensations that formed a heady cocktail that was cripplingly intoxicating.

My entire universe seemed to collapse now, all around us becoming black and distant and utterly unimportant. My cosmos consisted of two figures and a hot, broiling nexus of energy focused on my pussy. And then, without warning, a new presence loomed up from between us. An inevitable, irresistible force that I could not ignore, and didn't even want to.

The climax washed over me in an instant, triggered by a final hungry lick of Christa's tongue, pressing on my clitoris and sealed into certainty by her driving hand, plunging inside me with rough insistence. The orgasm broke, a thousand foot dam crumbling to a trillion pieces and releasing a deluge of utter pleasure. I thrashed about on the toilet seat, grinding my hips into Christa's face, smothering her with my sex. My hands slammed against the cubicle walls, shaking the flimsy wooden partition with the force of my

blows. I didn’t care, had not a single concern about who might hear me. I was lost to the flood of sensation that was washing down the valley of my awareness, mind rendered useless by the intense force of the released energy. I threw my head back and tried to scream; something, anything to relieve the tension in my body, but nothing came out, no sound emerged. My arms and legs began to shake, animated by the orgasm, nerve endings and synapses firing off phantom sparks.

Christa ceased her attention, freezing in place, her tongue on my clit and her hand deep in my pussy. She locked herself onto my body with her arm, still wrapped around my thigh, riding my orgasm with me, allowing my warm wetness to spill over her face and mouth.

And then, as quickly as it had arrived, the orgasm left me and released my body. I felt myself collapse back on the toilet seat, legs settling on Christa’s back, her head still buried in my sex. I exhaled deeply, expelling the energy of my sexual fulfillment and causing my body to deflate.

Christa sat back on her heels, kneeling beside me, studying me with an attentive adoration, her blue eyes wide and inviting. I gazed back at her, captivated by her stare and the hot intensity of what it signified. Christa possessed what Jenna had never had. A certain willing desire, a need that was obvious and unhidden. A surrender of autonomy, of agency. Christa’s look spoke of willing submission and utter capitulation. It was indescribable, undeniable and utterly thrilling. Christa belonged to me now.

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Chapter 4: The Graduate

Now

It all seemed so long ago, the hearing and Christa's submission. As I watched the writhing mass of female limbs on the bed before, as I tracked the trajectory of Charlotte's ecstasy through the medium of her endless moans and the curling of her fingers and toes, I remembered what those early days in my growing harem were like.

After I encountered Christa in the bathroom, the pair of us discreetly returned to the hearing, waving away the concern and probing about my sudden departure with half-hearted explanations and appeals to the claustrophobic heat and the stress of the confrontation. Of course, Beulah snorted and huffed like the sow that she was, muttering something about poor breeding stock and generally displaying a complete disregard for my well-being. The hearing ended shortly after and Beulah's lawyer handed over a derisory note with a fairytale sum of money that no-one in their right minds would accept. James Reinhold responded the same day with a sum that was far more reasonable and borderline insulting, but added that it was our best and final offer. Beulah took it, clearly aware that it was the most money she was likely to see from her dead brother's estate.

Then everything went back to normal.

Except, that was, for Christa, the curious lawyer. She joined my household the following week. Turning up on my doorstep, as instructed, with just a light bag and the clothes she wore. I had worried about introducing her to Beth, my first doll. Like welcoming a new puppy into an established pack of dogs, I feared there would be tantrums and territorial skirmishes. But Beth and Christa were so radically different that they complimented each other perfectly and never once bickered. They soon became good friends and sensual lovers, with Christa being the dominant slave-sister, taking the younger Beth in hand and introducing her to private worlds of pleasure that the pair shared together in the doll room after the house lights went out.

And I got myself a new plaything, a second plinth filled. I soon attributed the role of sexual siren to Christa, emphasising the vampish nature of her personality, her curiosity and explorative nature. While I liked to emphasize Beth's innocent purity, I prefered to highlight Christa's seductive nature, dressing her in black nylon stockings and severe high heels, painting her face with bold colors and deep shading. She was a being of elemental sexuality, and I loved to highlight that.

A sudden scream brought me back to the present and the sensual foursome on my wide bed. Christa's head was still buried between Charlotte's parted legs, blonde hair bobbing up and down with increasing frequency. Her long arms were coiled around Charlotte's thighs, pushing her feet back over her body. Meanwhile, Chloe, the regal redhead, was devouring Charlotte's mouth, kissing her passionately, deeply, plunging her tongue between the young girl's willing lips. And Beth, sweet Beth, was roaming over the captive student's body, peppering her burning skin with frantic kisses and hot licks of her hungry tongue.

The four girls were moaning and panting in perfect unison, a hot chorus of pure pleasure, their voices dovetailing together, harmonising their ecstasy. But there was one voice that stood out from the others. An increasingly frantic and urgent song. Charlotte's lone voice, rising out of the lusty throng as the weight of sensation rocked her body. She began to pant quickly, soft cries that ramped up in frequency and power. The three girls locked on her body seemed to sense her mounting climax and redoubled their efforts, pulling themselves into her, giving her no respite from their constant attention.

"Oh god! Oh god! Stop! I… I…" she cried out, her words begging for release but her tone pleading for more.

Faster and faster they moved, tongue on pussy, tongue on tongue, tongue on nipple. A thrashing hydra with multiple heads, smothering Charlotte with attention, allowing no room for escape.

Then something snapped inside the pretty young submissive, the student who had found her way to my house without any help from me. A sudden strength powered her body to new feats, causing her to push her hips up off the bed into Christa's face, arching her spine. Christa, Beth and Chloe held on, locking their mouths on the soft flesh and riding her orgasm like rodeo cowboys.

“Ah!” screamed Charlotte, pushing her head back into the bed. Her hands flew out to her side, grabbing at Chloe and Beth, frantically pawing the other girls. Her legs went rigid and straight, laser beams of toned, young flesh, shooting out to frame Christa in their majestic length. She began to quake violently, rocking back and forth, gripped by an intolerable maelstrom, a private tempest that raged in her young body.

I felt a pang of jealousy, a fleeting wave of longing. But the thought was soon banished by the remembrance of ownership. There four girls were mine. This scene of total pleasure and utter fulfillment was mine to invoke or take. Charlotte’s pleasure was my pleasure, and that one thought thrilled me more than anything. Above all else, I felt joy that it was Christa and her skilfull, attentive tongue that took Charlotte’s virginity, that introduced her to the world of lesbian love. It was a wonderful initiation.

Charlotte’s writhing and quaking reached a peak, an apex of sensation and pleasure. Then her orgasm pulled back from her like a receding tide and her body fell still, collapsing back to the bed with a long sigh. Chloe, Christa and Beth shifted, realigning themselves to snuggle into Charlotte’s cooling body, resting their heads on her chest, her stomach, her thigh; laying tender touches on her burning flesh. Playtime was over, for now, and my dolls seemed to lose their animation, becoming lifeless and still, like discarded toys.

“I want what you have,” said Christa.

It was hours later. Hours after Charlotte’s initiation and her introduction to my small harem. Christa had left her sisters and approached me in my office, knocking decisively on the panelled door and stepping in with definite purpose. She still wore her doll costume, black nylon stockings and high stiletto heels, perfectly smooth pussy exposed for my inspection.

“What do you mean?” I asked, inwardly knowing what it was she was saying, realizing that this was the endpoint of a trajectory initiated all those years ago in the stuffy law office bathroom. The realization made me a little sad, but also thrilled me somewhat.

“I want…” she began with her head lowered, falling into the submissive stance with an autonomous ease. Then she raised her head and

fixed her eyes on mine. “I want to be a collector, I want girls of my own,” she said firmly, narrowing her lips, clearly fearing how I would react.

I nodded and glanced down at my papers, closing my file and considering her words. Christa wasn’t my first doll to *graduate*, and she wasn’t the first doll to want her own *dollhouse*. A previous acquisition, Paige, had found her submissiveness was merely a fleeting phase, that she much preferred to dominate the other girls in my collection. It had been a turbulent time, but we had both agreed that it would be better if she found her own way, sought her own dolls. Paige was not a bad girl, and I’d used a tiny slice of my fortune to set her up, to buy her property and get her started. She was now a prolific collector in her own right, and we remained good friends and occasional lovers.

But Christa was different. She’d been with me for years, my second girl and a particular favorite. I’d always known she had a willful side, but the limits of her rebellion always fell well short of the limits of her submission. In truth, I always thought it would be Sarah who made this request, not Christa.

“Very well. That is your right,” I said, attempting to smile but feeling deeply bereft. “We will all miss you Christa,” I added, my voice trembling.

She nodded, her pretty, sculpted face ashen and grey. “Thank you mistress,” she said, and with those words, I realized that no matter where she went, she would always be my doll, would always belong to me. Sending her out into the world was like spreading my seed, creating enclaves of Claudia Ross that would always see my house as theirs. A sudden notion struck me.

“Christa, I want to give you a gift, something to help you on your way,” I said with a wry smile.

“Mistress?” she said, her sad face regaining a hint of color as she realized that my acceptance of her wishes was total.

“In good time my pet,” I replied, “in good time.”

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Epilogue: The Gift

Now

"I'm ready, mistress," said Christa from the door to the viewing room. I finished straightening the delicate lace at the top of Sarah's white nylon stocking, and then gave her thigh a gentle pat. The tiny brunette straightened her back and lifted her head, falling into the virginal pose that she knew I loved. I gazed up at her on the onyx plinth, admiring the gentle rise of her tiny breasts, the way her long tresses of dark curls tumbled over her shoulders. The young doll gazed forwards into empty space in the center of the room, her face blank and expressionless, hands held out before her, palms upturned in a gesture of silent offering. I knew only too well what she was that she offered, it was the same thing all of my girls offered me - herself. Totally and utterly.

I glanced around at my other girls - Beth, Chloe, Mai, Elise, Brittany. And finally, Charlotte, my newest acquisition. Charlotte stood on a plinth at the end of a row alongside Beth, Chloe and Mai. The pretty college girl had been dressed in the revealing attire of a slutty sorority girl - a tight, white blouse, tied in a knot beneath her breasts to reveal her flat, unblemished stomach. A short, plaid skirt, barely long enough to a called as such. On her legs, knee length, white socks, with ballet flats on her feet. She looked delicious, utterly corruptible, with her hair in pigtails and her lips gleaming seductive red. I felt a pang of self doubt as my eyes fell to her neck and the sparkling jewelled collar that I'd put on her moments before.

"Come in, Christa," I said, snapping myself out of my momentary flutter and moving to stand beside Charlotte. "It's time to say goodbye to your friends."

Christa stepped into the room. It was the first time I'd seen her fully clothed in a long time, the first time she'd been dressed in something other than a pair of black stockings and precarious stiletto heels. Instead, she was wearing a red skirt suit, with a black blouse. Her legs were bare and she wore high red pumps and a delicate ankle bracelet. Her hair was held back

in a tight ponytail and she'd found her old glasses from wherever she'd hidden them. No longer Slave Christa, no longer Doll Christa, this ravishing beauty was Christa, the lawyer, Christa the collector.

I sighed and watched her circulate the room, touching each girl in turn on the thigh, seemingly animating each one from her rigid pose, then beckoning them forwards for a passionate kiss. First Brittany, then Mai, then Elise, then Chloe, and finally Beth. Christa lingered longest here, locking her mouth on the pretty brunette, her oldest slave-sister. Charlotte and I peered at the two girls as their tongues slid together in a sensual dance, a seemingly never-ending clinch that was both wistful and sensual at the same time. Then Christa released Beth and the elfin brunette returned to her mannequin pose, a glistening jewel of a tear springing from the corner of her eye.

Christa turned to face me and pursed her lips, nodding. "Thank you," she said, "for everything."

I nodded, knowing that she was referring to the downtown apartment I'd gifted her and the contact I'd given her in one of the most prestigious law firms in the city. Christa would not have difficulty establishing herself in this town, not while I watched over her. But I knew that she was also thanking me for the last three years, for the gift of ownership that I'd given her, for allowing her to discover her true calling.

"Come over here Christa," I said, "I have one final gift."

She stepped over and stopped beside me, crossing her hands behind her and lowering her head. I reached over and touched her chin, encouraging her to look me in the eye.

"You're not a doll any more Christa," I said tenderly. Then I reached beside me and picked up a red velvet box from the shelf on the wall. It was tied with a satin bow. I held it out to her and she took it gingerly, as if expecting a trap or a trick.

"For me?"

"Yes. Open it," I said, growing impatient.

Christa plucked at the bow with slender, manicured fingers and slowly eased the lid off the box. Inside the gift was a black velvet cushion and a folded length of leather leash. The leash was studded with jewels and glimmered in the soft light of the viewing room. She gasped and lightly brushed her fingertips over the exquisite object. "Thank you!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears.

“That’s not all,” I said, and glanced at Charlotte, focusing on the collar around her neck. It was studded with the exact same gemstones as the leather leash, a companion piece that had no equal.

Christa gasped again and Charlotte unfroze, turning to face her new mistress.

“Will you have me?” said the student, purring seductively with a tone that dripped with wanton lust.

Christa nodded, face lighting up with an expression of joy and desire that I’d seldom seen before.

“Take her,” I breathed, “before I change my mind!”

Christa giggled like a schoolgirl and unfolded the leather leash, clipping the metal snap at the end onto the silver ring on Charlotte’s collar.

The two girls’ eyes met and a sudden unspoken communication flashed between them in an instant. *Do you submit to me?* asked Christa without saying a word. *I do, mistress,* was Charlotte’s implicit response.

In that instant, a new collector was born and a new collection established. A new bond between mistress and slave, owner and owned. A bond that was between themselves, and the other girls that Christa enticed into her collection.

But Christa and Charlotte would always belong to me, deep down. They’d always bow to my will and come running when I called, to do whatever it was that I asked. And rest assured, I *would* call and I *would* ask.

Because, really, some girls just want to be owned.

THE END

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Hey there! Thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed it as much I enjoyed writing it. If so, check out some of my other stories. If you like lesbian sex or domination and submission, then you might find something here to enjoy! xx

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